

PHILIPPE DEANE GIGANTES faces his own death | SALLY ARMSTRONG returns to Sarajevo

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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LIVING THE FAITH

Nine Canadians
who put their
beliefs into
action



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From the Editor

The freedom to believe—or not

In the final chapter of his sensible new book, *The Jews in the Twentieth Century*, the great British historian Sir Martin Gilbert does a statistical summing-up of Jews around the world at the start of the new millennium. It reflects the effects of death on an epic scale. Poland, where three million Jews lived before 1939, now has 64,000. Germany had 670,000 Jews before the Second World War; today, it has one-tenth that number. Overall, there are 15 million Jews in the world—two million less than in 1939. "Had not six million been murdered," Gilbert postulates, "there might well have been more than 25 million Jews in the world in 1999." It might seem natural for Gilbert, a Jew himself, to be cynical about the world he catalogues in such painful detail. But, he writes when we meet in Toronto recently, he's "very optimistic" about the future for Jews—and, alongside thatse tragically, finds much to celebrate in the present.

Not everyone has upbeat things to say about organized religion these days. Too often, the different ways and places we choose to worship lead to death and discord rather than peace, witness the explosions in Northern Ireland, the chaos of the Middle East, and the religious extremism behind the Sept. 11 terrorist attack. In North America, religion now comes packaged in two different decibel levels: the high volume of fundamentalism of various stripes, whose outcry of righteousness can easily anger people nervous, and the embittered semi-silence of quasi-believers—among them, many of the 83 per cent of Canadians who, according to the last released census figures, count themselves as Christians, but who can be found pretty much anywhere except inside a church on Sunday morning.

A system of beliefs doesn't have to be rigid—and, increasingly for many faiths, it

isn't. The sorts of the last few months seems to illustrate a widening gap between organized religions—particularly, of course, between the Islamic world on the one hand, and Christians and Jews on the other—but there is also evidence to the contrary. One case for Gilbert's optimism is the way Jews have uncrossed over past differences in their own community. For a long time, for example, Jews of European and Middle Eastern origin looked more on the things that divided them than those that united. Now, says Gilbert, "There is a tremendous sense of being a single Jewish people." Different branches of Christianity are growing more closely together—sharing facilities and sometimes, as with Canadian Lutherans and Anglicans, swapping parts of liturgy—and we've also seen, particularly since Sept. 11, various Muslims, Jewish and Christian leaders speaking out on the importance of respecting different faiths.

This issue of *Maclean's*, on the eve of Easter and Passover, highlights nine Canadians who reflect their different faiths in the way they live their everyday lives. As they demonstrate, faiths shouldn't be measured by spiritual divides; those who understand that make their communities better for everyone. That's one of the strongest arguments in favour of the separation of church and state. To believe—or not—is a personal matter. A proper value system, religion-based or otherwise, doesn't condone attacking others simply because they are the world differently. When that happens, no prayer can prevent, or excuse, the damage that inevitably ensues.

response@maclean's.ca to comment on From the Editor

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Crime of terror

The world should condemn you for exposing the brutal mockery of justice in the death of Luc Eboué ('Master' mystery is known,' Cover, March 16). I am surprised you call it a mystery with all the evidence you presented. If these defences Espino engages are accepted and pursued, the world should be ashamed. The hands-off attitude of our ambassador, Richard Marx, is appalling.

I've just read your article on my cousin Luc and I would like to thank you for it. You've depicted him as we all knew him, growing up, a down-to-earth boy who in no circumstance deserved to die as he did.

Religious voting

Why must Stockwell Day's expression of his religiously based convictions amount to "inhibiting" anyone ("Religion and the right," Canada, March 18)? Seven Harper must know, as your article states, that Canadian evangelicals are by no means a minor political force. He is accusing Day of pandering to a political minority. Still, Day has committed the unpardonable sin of stating his views on social issues. If only

he had realized that, in federal politics, it's best not to have any views on just about any issue.

Any leader of the official Opposition must be seen by the people as having the qualities of a prime minister for Canada. Time and again, Scudliffe Day has shown clearly that he is not worldly enough to be the leader of our country. Who—*who are those people who think he is?*

In the line of duty

I wish to congratulate Medieval for raising public awareness about the malapropism between the apparent focus in keeping the

AMAZING AND SENSITIVE TO THE WORLD around him. Thanks to Ian Stewart for not letting this story go untold.
Anne Beatts,ington H.S.

abused ("Journalists on the battlefield," From the Editor, March 18). While correspondents in other parts of the world often seem to be more exposed to life-threatening situations, we must not forget the assault on the life of Michel Auger, the Montreal reporter who was shot while investigating organized crime in Costa Rica. Reporters Without Borders, an international organization that defends press freedom, reports that five journalists have been killed and 120 imprisoned since January 2002.

David A. Wattie, Secretary-General, Canadian Commission for UNESCO Ottawa

Speaking up for peace

Yes, Foreign Minister Bill Graham is right to criticize Israel's use of aggressive force in response to terrorist attacks ("Graham weighs in," Canada and the World, March 18). People living in former Arabic land include Canucks, should realize that we are all involved in the Israeli-Palestinian

conflict and Segn. 11 tells us that we are not safe. If we don't speak up and seek peace, then we are as guilty as the active participants. And more innocent people will get killed.

www.ijerph.org

Journalistic danger

It was photographer Myra Tannay, whose death in Sennar, Leone, is described in the extract from Ian Stephenson's book *Awesas-Aswab* ('Nightmare in West Africa', The Mariner, Excerpt, March 16), in December, 1996, while travelling in East Africa. He had recently been assigned to the APTV bureau in Nairobi and had just returned from covering events in the former Zaire. Some of the horrors he described witnessing were incomprehensible, even to himself. Myles' postscripted for his newly-published trading tales, and was embarrassed that his nightmares might have been a disturbance. Ironically, Myles' last words may well prove to be a sideswipe at a side of Africa I've never seen as I travelled to different parts of the continent. The Myles I met was a bright, articulate and sensitive man who could

Then Bill Graham or any other private citizen of our government speaks at a formal gathering, he speaks on behalf of the government of Canada, not a private citizen. It is therefore inappropriate to add a signature or a date to a pdf of "us" wanting to continue free. If it's aggressive as to terrorist attack. If the minister fails to bring officials making statements contrary to government policy, he must either accept the common-sense logic. The Prime Minister's last speech to the same audience, neither refuting nor demonstrating the original contention, did not clarify the situation. We are left to wonder what the position of the Canadian government is on this issue.

vote in perspective

Living in Finland has given me a much more detailed perspective on European politics (*The Cost of Kyoto*, March, Mass., March 18). Canadians need to start thinking outside the American-mold. We too often forget there is a world of governmental structures, cultures and economies around the globe—the European Union, for instance—that can provide



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The Mail

useful alternative view. The EU and its member states have already begun the Kyoto negotiation process. And most European countries are in favour of the Kyoto deal because, unlike in America, European companies have a strong sense of social responsibility. Furthermore, this is not a matter we should be leaving an economic and business analysis to decide. Their job is to predict the short term, and that is not a short-term problem.

Maurice Rogeij, Toronto, Ontario

We have been told that the Kyoto accord will cost billions and billions of dollars if implemented. Let's consider for a moment if it is not implemented. How much will it cost to move people from low-lying coastal areas? How much will it cost to restructure our agriculture industry when crops no longer grow because they are no longer suited to the environment? How much will it cost in health care as diseases and now found in tropical areas march north and affect more Canadians? How much money will it cost to cities such as Calgary

become surrounded by deserts? How much will it cost when we are afflicted by severe weather? How much more will it cost when you look into the eyes of your children and grandchildren and tell them that the Kyoto accord was going to cost us much?

Paul Lintern, Edmonton

I applaud Environment Minister David Anderson for his vision and support of the Kyoto protocol. George W. Bush will be remembered as the American president who could have, but did not, make a difference in swinging the pendulum in the direction of reduced greenhouse gases while there was still time.

Cathie Homan, Cochrane, Alta.

Disposal at sea

As a chief officer aboard a liquified petroleum gas carrier, I must comment on your article about ships pumping their bilge water ("When lay captain came to Canada," Overline, Feb. 25). Laziness is not the problem. It is often very difficult to find the facilities to pump these oily wastes

ashore, especially in the U.S. Some ships do not have a large capacity for receiving oily wastes aboard. Many unscrupulous shipping companies prevent their ship's senior officers to dispose of the wastes at sea. It is cheaper to gamble on not getting caught than it is to pay for disposal ashore. The company I work for converted one of the diesel fuel tanks to an oily-waste storage tank to give us a greater capacity until we find the facilities to pump the wastes ashore. In Europe there are barges that will take oily wastes for a reasonable fee.

John Igles, Orillia, Ont.

Heartless in Alberta

In "The heart of the game" (March 11), Allan Fotheringham claims that hockey is "every Prairie lad's" longing: playing left wing on the Toronto Maple Leafs." I think these kids are more likely to imagine themselves playing for the Oilers or the Flames—even the Canadiens. Not too many Leaf fans out here. Indeed, Toronto is, at best, held in contempt. Your central Canadian bias is showing.

Steve Miers, Slave Lake, Alta.



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AIR FRANCE



Overture

Edited by Shanda Dzel with Amy Cameron



John F. Kennedy International Airport, N.Y.C.

Faith and the frequent flyer

For two years, Berlin photographer **James Oddy** has been seeking out places of worship in airports. He calls these chapels "non-places"—"They're basic, neutral, bland and public," he says. "So why shoot them?" Oddy says he's attracted to their "almost absurd lack of beauty." The rooms are for the most part designed to be firmly non-denominational. But even when an airport has different spaces for designated faiths, Oddy says, they still



London Stansted Airport



London Stansted Airport



London Heathrow Airport



London Heathrow Airport, U.K.



Roissy Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris



Newark International Airport, N.J.

Photography by James Oddy/The Photographic Gallery London



It's all in the bag

It looks like a shrunken, leather Noah's ark with a long shoulder strap sewn onto its ends. It can be laid flat on the floor or stood up to in the second floor of my parents' home. Inside, it's crammed with credit cards, handkerchiefs, tissues, gum, makeup, half a dozen pens (some that actually work), a coffee-table book from decades past, and a cellular phone from the cutting edge of technology. It's always been an institution of motherhood in our family—the Big Purse.

My mother isn't a cruel woman, but she is merciless when it comes to the primacy of the Purse. She has forced her own children to feel her in crowded shopping carts with it, and I feel it pressed heavily onto our feet in the floor seat of her car. She has even made us carry it to public. The loss-prevention systems that "great" shoppers at discount mass-beauty with even greater suspicion than usual when a stranger steals sheepishly through the automatic doors with a behemoth handbag half-hidden under her jacket. I could almost hear the surveillance cameras merrily in its set to hear the bulging purse stamped shut. It was with us everywhere—the Big Purse.

It was one of those maddening irritations that I despised as a young girl, like varicose veins and rippled hosesheets. In my young days, as I perused at over the tops of my sociology textbooks, the Big Purse looked exactly like a shackle of male oppression. It slouched on the stars embodying the injustices of a society where women must be weighed down by huge, ugly sacs in order to maintain social order. In those early days, I assured myself that it must be possible for me to somehow have a family of my own and at the same time snuff the powerful gravity of the Big Purse.

It was also in the middle of my liberal feminist education that I decided that male power in modern society has a right seat that has been overlooked in all the extolling over pay equity and patriarchy: menstruation; the unfair allocation of pockets between the sexes.

Even in an age that has seen practical fashion movements like "cargo" clothing, there are still times when women are expected to dress in clothes that are completely devoid of pockets. That is especially true when women need to dress in formal wear or maternity clothing. Women are consistently deprived of pockets in the clothes that are designed and manufactured for us.

Maybe someone is afraid that a pregnant woman with pockets



will be too socially powerful. After all, a frugal womb is the ultimate pocket known to humankind.

Regrettably, most women, pregnant or not, find themselves often relying on the charity of the man-podestered opposite sex to carry out car keys and bank cards. Men's clothing is slashed at pockets. While women never seem around dress-up affairs juggling ridiculous shiny clutch purses and glorified wallets on strings, men rack what they need and the neat packages turn into more of them sans pockets.

Growing up is full of surprises. As my life unfolded, it turned out that things aren't quite as unfair as I had once thought. I didn't find that out all at once. It crept up on me little by little as I started having my own children. It seems that with every new purse my kids pass through, I find myself back in the accessories section of cheap department stores rifling through tables full of coverings, discount purses. Every time I visit the sales racks I come away with a bigger purse than the one I brought in with me.

Now it sits in a corner of my bedroom—my very own Big Purse. It holds water bottles, baby wipes, dispensers of two different sizes, Aspirin, toddler-burping crabs, half a dollar in pennies, and even something my own mother was never resourceful enough to carry herself: a coupon file.

I admit I was wrong about the Big Purse. With my Big Purse at my side, I'm almost completely self-sufficient. I can blow my nose whenever I want to because I always have a tissue. I'm the only one in many amusement parks with access to Aspirin. And when the baby spits up for the hundredth time, with a perpendicular stash of baby wipes within arm's reach.

The Big Purse is probably just a symptom of male oppression. Instead, it might just be part of the cure for it. In the lives of women like myself and my mother, the Big Purse makes it possible for us to be independent, adaptable, in control and functional in a world that is more focused on ignoring the needs of the many-gendered. The Big Purse doesn't embody the whimpers of a defeated sex but the way of a successful gender with a workable alternative to simply wallowing in oppression.

I lug my Big Purse with pride. It doesn't weigh me down. It helps to sit me free.

Jennifer Quest, 36, has had and three young sons live in Fort McHenry, Md., where she writes a weekly newspaper column.

Name	Department	Location
Betsy Anderson	D3	1
Holley Bright	F2	2
Linda	A-1	15
Celia	F-5	2
Debra	F-3	3
Karen	F-13	2
Mary	F-4	8
Z	H-5	7
Sheri	F-2	4
	A-4	13
Terri	F-1	8
Nan	F-4	9
Neill	F-3	3
Yvonne	G-10	2
K	F-3	9

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The Week That Was



Carnage at the U.S. Embassy in Lima

A car bomb exploded outside the U.S. Embassy in Lima, killing nine people and injuring dozens. No Americans were hurt in the late evening blast, which ripped through a district of upscale shops and

restaurants, damaging nearby buildings and cars but not the embassy itself, which is set back from the street. For many Peruvians, the explosion conjured up memories of the

gruesome massacre of the 1980s and '90s when rebels from the Marxist Shining Path and the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement killed thousands. Last week's attack occurred just three days before U.S. President George W. Bush scheduled March 23 visit, for

meetings with Peruvian President Alejandro Toledo and leaders from Colombia, Bolivia and Ecuador. Although no one claimed responsibility for the bombing, Peru's interior minister, Francisco Recuero, said he was certain it was directly related to Bush's trip.

Burying Alexis

Peter Come was charged with first-degree murder in the death of his two-year-old daughter, Alexis. The toddler, whose body was found northeast of Toronto on March 14, three days after her mother, Marisa, reported her missing, was buried earlier the same day. The private funeral featured a police pipe and enforcement officers serving as pallbearers for the tiny white casket.

Biting the hand

Amid anger from critics, Ontario Premier Mike Harris announced

last off-day in the dispute, which affords \$10 billion in annual exports. The two sides kept negotiating in Washington until the last few hours before the U.S. Commerce Department decision. But Pettingill said U.S. border interests remained unwilling to budge from a hard line requiring a tough Canadian ban on timber exports, which they insist are priced below market value. Although talks will likely resume, Pettingill said Canada will challenge the U.S. position at the World Trade Organization and under NAFTA.

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The chips fly

After talks broke down in the Ottawa U.S. softwood lumber dispute, Washington levied penalties of up to 29 per cent on timber imports from Canada. International Trade Minister Peter Pettingill called the move "absurd." The new laws, effective in May, will bring little relief from intense penalties of 32 per cent. More than 20,000 workers have already been

laid off due to the dispute, which affords \$10 billion in annual exports. The two sides kept negotiating in Washington until the last few hours before the U.S. Commerce Department decision. But Pettingill said U.S. border interests remained unwilling to budge from a hard line requiring a tough Canadian ban on timber exports, which they insist are priced below market value. Although talks will likely resume, Pettingill said Canada will challenge the U.S. position at the World Trade Organization and under NAFTA.

Going, going, gone

Some 500 oil rigs off the Antarctic ice—about half the size of French Polynesia—collapsed onto the sea. The Larsen B ice shelf on the east coast of the Antarctic Peninsula was about 12,000 years old, but it took little more than a month for it to disintegrate into icebergs. Scientists blame a fast warming trend—the region is heating up five times faster than the rest of the world.

Guilty in Moscow

In the end, no one believed Andrei Kaparov's story. The former Russian diplomat, who on Jan. 27, 2001, killed his son and severely injured another when his car swerved into a sidewalk in a quiet Ottawa neighbourhood, always denied he'd been driving that day. Instead, he maintained he'd avoided an icy patch before hitting Catherine MacLean, who died instantly and her friend Catherine Denis, who is still recovering from severe head and leg injuries. But Moscow's judge before MacLean rejected his defense and held he had clearly been "in a deadly drunk condition," said one. She convicted Kaparov of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced him to four years in a penal colony.至今，Kaparov has appealed to Moscow and subsequently charged under a section of Russia's criminal code. Kaparov's lawyer told *EW* he will appeal the sentence, but not the conviction.

Spectator death

Bettina Grol, watching a Columbus Blue jackets hockey game as a 16th birthday present, walked away after an insect puck earned the stands and hit her in the forehead. But the impact had snapped her head back, causing an artery two days later in Westerville, Ohio, eighth-grader died of head swelling and bleeding of the brain. Grol was the first NHL spectator ever killed by a puck, and while many teams have increased warnings in response to the incident, the league itself has announced no new safety measures.

Guilty verdict

A Los Angeles jury found a San Francisco lawyer guilty of second-degree murder, and her husband guilty of involuntary manslaughter, in the crashing death of their seaplane in January 2001. Marjorie Krouse had testified that she and Robert Macchi didn't know that their two Prose Canard seaplanes were ve-



It became a better citizen. "With this verdict we can start the door we'll be held," he said.

Golodneva of the Moscow trial indicated Pettingill was an "isolated at the crime site he could hardly stand. But he denied he'd been drinking, refused a breath test and invoked diplomatic immunity—the law gave him legal status. But Moscow's judge believed MacLean rejected his defense and held he had clearly been "in a deadly drunk condition," said one. She convicted Kaparov of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced him to four years in a penal colony.至今，Kaparov has appealed to Moscow and subsequently charged under a section of Russia's criminal code. Kaparov's lawyer told *EW* he will appeal the sentence, but not the conviction.

close but the prosecution and the couple knew the initials were "baba boim" (What), seized the conviction, some just said, was the couple's code name trying to blame the victim. Krouse claimed Diane Whipple—who weighed less than either cap—could have easily gotten away.

Co-pilot caused crash

Investigation with the Washington D.C.-based National Transportation Safety Board said pilot copilot German al-Balouti was to blame for the crash of Egospot Flight 290 in October, 1998, that killed all 217 passengers and crew. According to the report, Macchi was alone in the cockpit when he deliberately sent the plane plummeting into the ocean off Musasua's Nazcalet Island. Egypt's Civil Aviation Authority rejected the report and suggested the crash may have been caused by a tail problem.

The Pope speaks out

Pope John Paul broke his silence on divisive issues plaguing the Roman Catholic Church, saying they were casting a "dark shadow of suspicion" over all priests. The Pope made his comments to several countries to shake the church in the U.S. In Boston, Mass., especially: John Geoghan was recently sent to prison for 10 years for molesting a young boy. More than 150 priests in the area have come forward with accounts of abuse. And in Palm Beach, Fla., Bishop Anthony O'Connell was forced to resign after admitting he molested a 15-year-old boy over 25 years ago.

Carty declares victory

Hard-driving Andrew Pichcock Co. CEO Carly Fiorina appeared to have won her high-stakes bid to take over most of Compaq Computer Corp. The merger was a bitterly opposed by members of the Hewlett and Packard families. After shareholder voting ended last week, HP officials claimed their measures had approached the US\$820 million deal by a narrow margin of up to three percent, although opponents said it could be as low as 6 per cent. The court count may take weeks.

Passages

Ried: From the moment Mike Lynch accused the Texans of "cheating at football" to accusations of "total incompetence," it was inevitable the 40-year-old would be fired as commissioner of the Canadian Football League. Lynch's criticism infuriated his bosses. Age-old rules would bar Lynch and the other league governors. While the league looks for a successor to Lynch, CFL Commissioner David Burley will serve as interim CFL head.



Blair: In April, 1917 Robert Blair was still a teenager when he fought in the battle of Vimy Ridge. Born in Sarnia, the former press freedom received a Legion of Honour medal from France three years ago for his role in the battle. Robert, 93, who took part in the First World War as a member of the 252nd Infantry Battalion, died in Chatham, B.C.

Oled: Henry Oled—actor, writer, and media adviser—was acclaimed "Methus" in 1988 for helping then-London leader John Turner appear at ease on TV. Born in Winchester, England, Oled, 75, was an established actor when he moved to Canada in 1965. He served as president of ACTRA and also taught tapscott acting skills at the CBC. Oled died at his home in Ottawa.

Olagnon: Canadian actress Pascale Olagnon was being treated for hepatitis C, a serious liver-damaging virus. Anderson, 34, said she contracted the disease after sharing a tattoo needle with her 21-year-old ex-husband, Tommy Lee. The musician denied the accusation, suggesting that it may be part of an ongoing custody battle over their two sons.



More bloodshed in Mugabe's Zimbabwe

In 1980, Zimbabwe was reborn with optimism. Peace reigned in the country formerly known as Rhodesia, after decades of white colonial rule and a bitter war (Robert Mugabe, a committed Marxist guerrilla, rode a wave of popular support into office as the independent country's first president). But after 22 years in power, Mugabe retains a strong authoritarian streak and a deep distrust of opposition politicians. Last week, following elections on March 9-11 that Western observers say were fraudulent and marred by intimidation and violence, he resorted to intimidation and violence again by arresting opposition leader Morgan Tsvangirai and charging him with treason.

The decision to arrest Tsvangirai came as the West stepped up its criticism of Mugabe's continued



Honor guard for the re-elected president's swearing-in; a loyalist pats a murdered farmer

rule. Commonwealth leaders meeting in London moved to suspend Zimbabwe from the 54-country association for one year, while Scotland-based bank accounts belonging to Mugabe and his closest advisors. These men also gave growing angst inside Zimbabwe, as protesters launched a strike against the government. Mugabe had dismissed critics from the West, claiming whites were trying to increase their colonial authority over the country. But the situation is悬而未决. Zimbabwe was peacefully voting because it was headed down by a Commonwealth committee made up of Australia and two African nations, Nigeria and South Africa.

Tsvangirai, the leader of the Movement for Democratic Change, was freed after he paid off his \$40,000 fine.

Mugabe. But the visual and sound quality of the blow in so poor that the identity of the other man is open to question. And Tsvangirai claims he left the meeting after then-Monsieur brought up the idea of eliminating Mugabe.

Even an McCabe was appalled. "Yes, I'm concerned," said McCabe, whose compensation and redistribution program continued. "The president has encouraged groups of his supporters to occupy white-owned farms. In the two years leading up to the election, white farmers died in the violence. In the wake of the vote, another was shot and killed; 26 others were assaulted and 50 evicted from their land. It appears evidence for supporting the opposition." Mugabe says taking the land is part of his plan to keep Africa for Africans, a slogan echoing back to his days as a guerrilla in the country's war for independence.

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BACK TO THE FUTURE

The new Alliance leader is an earnest policy wonk from Alberta. Sound familiar?

BY BRIAN BERGMAN IN CALGARY

What a long strange trip it been

—The Grateful Dead

While there may not be many Deadheads among the strident rock-and-roll of the Canadian Alliance, the pre-decline era mastodons provide what might be the perfect soundtrack for a party that has endured more than its share of bizarre twists and turns. Picture that a grizzly-looking policy wonk from Alberta becomes the unlikely founder and leader of a populist movement that rakes the West by storm. In short order, he lays waste to Canada's oldest political party, becomes leader of the Maytag's Lloyd Opposition and founds a new political entity aimed at walloping him into 24 Sussex Drive. But just when glory is as close as can save a life, she prairie mastodon is ousted in favour of a flashy, fast-talking interloper given to holding press conferences in a version of the tuxedo to show off his bust of meat. The glib one, though, ends himself into a heap of trouble, sparking a caucus revolt. In desperation, party faithful scat the horizon for a new saviour, eventually embracing... a grizzly-looking policy wonk from Alberta.

There is a parallel, at the 15-year history of the Canadian Alliance/Reform party, culminating last week in Stephen Harper's fire-ball victory over discarded former Alliance leader Stockwell Day and two other rivals. We covered the saga since 1985 when Preston Manning, an erstwhile management consultant and son of a former Alberta premier, first rode into the church and community halls of the Prairies with a blueprint for transforming Canada's political landscape. "The 'War Wins Is,'" was his rallying cry, and a ringing one to boot. To grow up in Alberta, as I did, is to be alienated, in one degree or another, from the traditional centres of power in this country, namely Ottawa and Toronto. Manning, then bespectacled, ill-groomed and with a wad of tattered skin to

match across a blackboard, tapped into this segment brilliantly.

But heading a regional protest party was never Manning's idea of a good time and, as early as 1990, he began to push the Reform party onward. By this point, I had moved to enemy territory (i.e. Toronto) and often found myself railing Manning about as he preached the gospel of fiscal conservatism at town halls in places like Brantford, Oshawa and Cambridge. Ordinary Ontarians almost always gave Manning a friendly ovation. But in the political and media sphere, he more often faced scorn. Reform was depicted as racist, sexist and homophobe. Sheri Copps, then an opposition Liberal MP even swooped to liberate Manning to a former leader of the Ku Klux Klan.

It's true that Reform, especially in its early days, attracted a fool's gallery of boos and catcalls. But Manning did his best to weed them out, and labeling him a bigot and extremist always struck me as a bit imp. In any event, Manning persevered, even prospered. In 1993, Reform wiped the Conservative party off the electoral map in Western Canada; four years later, it captured half the seats over the region and Manning became Opposition leader.

Still, he was not satisfied. Manning wanted, badly, to be prime minister. His personal make-over included chipping his eyeglasses following laser surgery and get-

ting a better cut of hair and clothes (he never could do anything about that voice, though). His political make-over was to be the Canadian Alliance, which he envisioned as a "big tent" party encompassing conservatives of every region and stripe, and anyone else who wanted to join in. It almost worked, too. But then the tune changed on him.

The agent of Manning's enduring was other unlikely political odda, Stockwell Day. In April 1999, almost a year before he jumped into the original Alliance leadership race, I wrote a profile of Day for this magazine. By then, I had moved back to my home province (having lived with the enemy and served to cell of it) and was in a good position to eyeball Day, who was basking in reflected glory as treasurer of oil-rich Alberta—and as a favoured candidate for the Alliance crown. At the time, I detailed some of the boggling that later haunted Day in Ottawa, including his outspoken and losing battles against gay rights as a member of Ralph Klein's caucus. But I also played up his many wins, not for the photo op and pedigree looks. Like many others, I thought these misgivings might help him succeed where the robust Manning had failed. And Manning became Opposition leader.

Day did, of course, lose Manning in the July 2000, leadership vote, and his subsequent reign of error as opposition leader needs no retelling here. Some of the knicks

against Day seem belied—how often can he be indicted for not knowing in which direction the Niagara River flows—but there's little doubt he was his own worst enemy. His caucus ruptured, with 12 Alliance MPs bolting, most to join forces with their long-time nemesis, Tory leader Jim Clark (four of the MPs later returned to the Alliance fold). It was that revolt which set in motion last week's leadership vote.

While Day ran no second hand, the party knew better than to take him up on the offer. Harper was a logical, and comfortable, alternative. A former policy adviser to Manning, Harper won much of Reform's early platform. He served as MP for Calgary West from 1993 until 1997, when he left Ontario to become head of the National Citizens Coalition, a right-wing lobby group. Harper ran a caustic leadership campaign, promising to focus on rebranding his fractured party—and having no truck with the Tories as long as Clark (whose Harper considers a liberal) remains leader.

The book on Harper, who holds a master's degree in economics, is that he is exceedingly bright, but of a cold fish. Conservatives say he is an ideologue who will turn the Alliance into an NDP of the right, a claim Harper flatly rejects. "I think you can have a principled conservative party without being doctrinaire," Harper told me after the media thong had left Calgary's Bell Convention Centre, where the vice annals were announced. "This party expects a leader who will try to widen its electoral base with the ultimate goal of forming a government." In that regard, Harper has time on his side. At age 42 (and looking even younger), he can afford to wait an election or two before asking the main prize. In the interim, he is sure to look like a fresh face next to washories like Clark and Jean Chretien.

Still, there are policy wrinkles. As he lapsed from one television interview to another following his victory, there was no swagger, or even spring, to Harper's step. He had the hangdog look of an essentially moderate man who, given his choices, would be in some backroom cranking policies. He looked, in other words, like a semi-Manning in his prime.

A long, strange trip indeed.



A former adviser to Manning, Harper (above) is 42 and has time on his side



Day ran to succeed himself, but the party knew better than to take him up on the offer

Read the interview with Stephen Harper

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Goodbye to a mentor

Dalton Camp was a friend to young journalists

BY AMY CAMERON

Dalton Camp, preferred star at Ed Pudl's Fredericton Shakespear hotel, was nestled in the back-of-the-neck shadows. From this well-hidden perch, Camp could see everyone in the bar. Sipping wine (Balcony, Mississauga), he watched from under heavy eyelids as political bigwigs and business heavyweights bobbed and weaved over steaks and fries. It was from this seat—an old, cracked-leather chair with nice fat arms—that Camp would receive visitors and dispense advice. And it was in this seat, under a small brass plaque on the wall that read "Camp's Corner," that he suffered a stroke on Feb. 13.

Dalton Camp—Red Teey, columnist, the man who convinced Jim Flaherty to speak at a University of New Brunswick convocation and then stole his handwritten notes to frame and hang in his Cambridge-Nunawin, N.B. home—died on March 18. Tributes have described him as

even names a greeting, he swept me into a conversation and, within minutes, I wanted to tell him everything. He had that effect. He read the papers voraciously and knew which stories we younger reporters worked on. He put us at ease and made us feel like part of an elite group.

Jimie Irving, whose family owned the newspaper in New Brunswick and indeed most of the other important little towns were skeptical of living among the professors, Camp recognized a true interest. "I ran into a lot of opposition from journalists and family," says Irving. "I just got support from Camp, which meant a lot." Right until the end, Camp regaled Irving with tales from his youth and had given him story ideas. The last time they met, a week before Camp's death, they talked about Irvin's new position as publisher of the Kings County Record, a small weekly in the town mentioned in the Bible belt of the province. "He said, 'Go out and find how many dairy inquiries were sold in Sussex last week, then find out how many babies fit in on the front page,'" Irving recalls. "He laughed in hisself."

At Pudl's, we would sit at his table—young, eager, trying-hard-to-be-cynical reporters—boasting of scoops or telling wacky tales of heavy-handed editors. He listened, with endless patience, talked—and influenced. Shirley Myrdal, a writer at Pudl's, got to know him while writing his obituary. Camp's passion, intelligence and irreverence spurred Myrdal's decision to go into journalism. On her final night at Pudl's before leaving for journalism school in Calgary, Camp handed her a \$10 tip and his e-mail address, extending an offer of help should she ever need it.

Many named to him—there were few in the province with his instrumental memory of politics. Camp was regularly consulted by print reporters. And regardless of the time, the writer or the story, he always called back before deadline, giving good quotes and explaining everything without condescension. He will be remembered as many things—backroom strategists, power-brokers, columnists. But as part of a lucky group of New Brunswick journalists, I will remember him as a reporter, a cheerleader and a comforting presence in the sometimes tarry business of news. We were in Camp's Corner—and he was in ours.

Appreciation

Canada

Rise up, rise up

Liberal backbenchers challenge party discipline

BY JOHN GEDDES

Members of Parliament don't always get much respect. Pierre Trudeau once described the MPs on either end as "trained donkeys." If that description still holds, there's some unusually loud barking going on Parliament Hill these days. Whether it's in the confidential confines of caucus meetings, or during open debate in the House, Liberal backbenchers are standing against the bonds of party discipline. The lazier, and more serious, side of Jean Chretien's ability to keep them all pulling in the same direction is resistance to Environment Minister David Anderson's proposed endangered species law. "There is a level of concern," says Liberal MP Karen Kraft Sloan, a vocal critic of the act. "We made some very clear, I will say again, don't do that."

For a government MP that simple statement cannot be made lightly. Avenues for dissent in the Canadian parliamentary tradition are severely limited. They may be unguided argument in closed caucus sessions, a little backtracking when MP's committee discusses the laws sent to them for review by cabinet ministers, but in the House everybody votes along party lines. Or at least they do most times. Now some Liberals are speculating that when Bill C-5, the Species at Risk Act, comes up for a final vote, likely in early April, enough government MPs might break ranks to defeat it. Kraft Sloan is making a prediction, she says, "The reality is that politics is a dynamic game."

Most think that's unlikely, at least in Liberal circles. Tales of backbench unrest began when Liberal MPs decoded a new caucus rule at early February. They chose Stan Keyes, the Hamilton, Ont., MP who had suggested publicly just a few months before the 2000 election that it was time for Chretien to "put the socks."

A choice so clearly embarrassing to the Prime Minister was widely seen as an expression of deep discontent. As well, individual Liberal MPs have been uncommonly outspoken this year—from Carolyn Bennett chiding Chretien for failing to promote more women in his inner cabinet shuffle, to John Godfrey's public insistence that Canada should not turn over prisoners captured in Afghanistan to the United States without guarantees that immunological prisoner-of-war rights would be respected.

But these examples fall short of the more dramatic possibility of Liberal MPs actually voting down government legislation. Anderson made that possible by reflecting the amendments to Bill C-5 agreed to by MPs of all parties on the House environment committee. Kraft Sloan, a key player in hammering out that consensus, points to two major points in dispute. The committee called for mandatory habitat protection for endangered species on federal lands. Anderson wants protection to be discretionary. And the committee called for a species to be listed "at risk" on the basis of what scientists say, with cabinet given the power to veto a listing within six months. Anderson proposes a political process for passing a species on the list from the outset, relegating scientists to an advisory role.

Environmental issues tend to bring out MP's independent streak. But this time, the fight seems to be part of a wider urge to claim more respect. It's not just a matter of principle. Many Liberal MPs think Chretien has run out his calendar, so these big initiatives, for staying on his good books—hope of that big promotion—is gone. Now, the Prime Minister must find other ways to court, or coerce, them outside—or get ready to play more of the sort of "dynamic game" that MPs like Kraft Sloan are now playing.

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Risking life for freedom

Mona Parsons was a most unlikely Second World War hero in Holland

BY ANDREA HILL

Sitting atop a hill in a Wolfville, N.S., cemetery is a six-foot-tall, white granite monument that marks the grave of a little-known Canadian war hero: Mona Louise Parsons, 1903-1976, as remembered on her tombstone as "wife" of her second husband, a Canadian major-general. Some of the Second World War awards and citations are listed on her headstone—even though he was buried with his first wife in Kitchener, 15 km away. But of her citations for bravery from Allied Supreme Commanders: U.S. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower and Britain's Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, there were none.

Born and raised in Nova Scotia, Parsons showed considerable talent as a dancer and acted from an early age and enjoyed a brief stint in New York City as a Ziegfeld Follies chorus girl in the late 1920s before becoming a nurse. In 1937, she ran Dutch millionaire Willem Lenthoud whom she married six months later. The couple built a large home, called Ingleside, on extensive grounds near Amstelveen, from which they led a glittering pre-war social life.

When Holland fell to the Nazis in May 1940, they joined the Resistance and used their business and social connections to provide false identity papers and ration cards, clothing, safe houses and escape routes for downed Allied airmen. Ingleside became a stopping point where airmen waited, usually a few hours and sometimes overnight, before connecting to the next leg of their escape.

Parsons and Lenthoud operated under the Nazi invaders' watch without raising suspicions for nearly a year and a half, helping more than 50 people escape to England. But by September 1941, German crackdowns on the Resistance made it increasingly difficult to transfer airmen to rendezvous points with British submarines off the Dutch coast. The last plane they used to help were two British seaplanes, Richard Pape and William (Jack)



Winstedler paid her for "gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers"

Moore, who waited at Ingleside for an unprecedent six days for a safe opportunity to leave. When at last it became possible to transfer them to Leiden for a scheduled submarine rendezvous, their departure from Ingleside did not pass unnoticed.

In an official statement made after the war, Moer recalled that the vehicle in which he and Pape were driving on the highway to Amsterdam overtook a German patrol car travelling at slow speed. The last people they used to help were two British seaplanes, Richard Pape and William (Jack)

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persuade Moer to join him in hiding, and she remained at home prepared to kill any official German visitors that her husband was likely on a fishing trip. Not even a member of her own family who warned that the Gestapo was on their way could persuade her to leave Ingleside.

The Gestapo arrived three days after the men were apprehended and sent her to prison, where the authorities no doubt expected the wealthy socialite would collapse easily and harrumph about, once subjected to incarceration, humiliation and sleep deprivation. They could not have been more wrong.

Held without charge, Parsons stood trial on Dec. 22, 1941, for crimes against the Third Reich. She was found guilty before lunch and sentenced to death. "Her case was taken very seriously by the Germans," says Hans de Vries, archive with the Netherlands Institute for War Documentation. "Hardly any women had been convicted before a military court, and certainly not before 1941." Grounding her sentence with extreme calm—she later told a reporter, "I was determined not to humiliate myself before any of them!"—Parsons so impressed the German military judge that he arranged for an appeal, and the sentence subsequently was commuted to life.

The Nazis sent Parsons to first one and then another German labour camp and, in January 1945, to a prison in Viehs from which she escaped with a friend after a massive Allied bombardment. To hide her heavily accented German, she used her acting talents to pose as a mentally damaged woman with a clerical pulse: "We had to pretend she was a little gaga, a little stupid," recalls her fellow escapee, Winstedler van Boeschoten, now 79 and living near The Hague. "She was fantastic. Even I began to think she was not quite right in the head."

They worked their way 200 km across Germany, performing farm chores in exchange for food and shelter, and after four weeks Parsons reached Alkmaar-Liberated Holland.

She went to a clearing station staffed by Canadians who, on the spot for an underground movement of women loyal to the Third Reich, regarded the ill and emaciated Parsons with suspicion. Her claim that she was Canadian further fuelled their doubts until one soldier asked what she was from. Her reply—"A little town in Nova Scotia called Wolfville"—stunned him. He was

Claes Leonard of Halifax, and she had just encountered the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. If there was any doubt about her story, Capt. Kelly McLean, the doctor who treated her, and Capes Vincent What, Ralph Shaw and Robbie Elliott and Maj.-Gen. Harry Foster wiped them away. The first three had shared the stage with her at Acadia University, the fourth remembered her because his father had been her family physician, and Foster had been a childhood friend.

Soon after the war ended, Parsons happily learned that her husband was also—U.S. troops had liberated the concentration camp where he'd been held. Learning of her heroic deeds in the Resistance, Gen. Eisenhower gave Parsons a letter of appreciation "for gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers." Tedder's certificate cited his help in allowing downed airmen to "evade capture by the enemy."

But less pleasant events awaited Parsons. On Lenthoud's death in April 1956, she learned he had left one-quarter of his estate

to his mistress, and a long-lost son from a previous marriage, whom Parsons thought dead, turned up to claim the remaining three-quarters. She lost the ensuing legal battles and descended into a failing health, moved back to Nova Scotia the next year.

In Halifax, Parsons became re-acquainted with Harry Foster and the two married in June 1959. Cancer claimed Foster in 1966 and Parsons suffered yet another setback. Veterans Affairs denied her a widow's pension because her marriage had occurred after Foster's retirement.

Parsons returned to Wolfville in 1969. Weakened by ergonomics, a heart attack and several strokes, she refused to let herself be by the wartime experiences that had contributed to her ill health. Confined to a Wolfville hospital in 1976 and dragged to ease her pain, Parsons would sometimes awaken in the middle of the night, believing herself to be in a Nazi prison. Finally, on Nov. 28 of that year, Mona Parsons, 75, succumbed—probably for the first time in her life.

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LIVES ON HOLD

The passage of time has not healed the wounds of war in Sarajevo

When the Yugoslav federation began to disintegrate in 1991, it was the stage for one of the most brutal conflicts of the last 20th century. The bloodshed was particularly horrific in Bosnia-Herzegovina, where separatists for independence in March, 1992. But the newest state's leaders forced a violent challenge, principally from ethnic Serbs backed by Serbia, the most powerful of the six former Yugoslav republics. Bosnian Serb artillery batteries shelled Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital, during a long and bloody siege; civilians were savaged in concentration camps, women and girls were raped repeatedly by their captors.

NATO intervention finally brought the fighting to an end in 1996, and NATO deployed 60,000 soldiers in Bosnia to referee the peace. But while fractious ethnic groups still continue to settle old scores, the troops could remain in Bosnia for years to come. Macmillan's Corresponding Editor, Sally Arnusky, who has reported from Sarajevo on several occasions, recently returned to the Bosnian capital. She found the population angry and despondent, the ethnic divisions, Arnusky says, seem to be almost irreparable to heal. Her report.

Lecka can be deceiving in Sarajevo. There are splashy automobile dealerships, sleek disco bars and, no matter the time of day, crowds of young people roar the streets. It appears to be a fair front for the city that Serb forces had kept sieged for 1,475 days during the Bosnian war, killing more than 12,000 people and injuring almost 56,000. The piles of barbed and concertina wire that once enclosed pedestrian areas from bullets are gone. In fact, there's now a traffic jam on the major thoroughfare once known as Sava Alley—a deadly strip of pavement where hundreds of victims were gunned down by machinegun sharpshooters.

But glance skyward in Sarajevo and the signs of peace and prosperity vanish. Many of the hundreds of buildings destroyed during the Serb blockade from April 6, 1992, to Feb. 20, 1996, have only been repaired to ground level or, at best, up to the third or fourth floors. (At the height of the fighting on July 22, 1993, foreign observers counted 3,777 shells bursting into the city.) Now, the upper stories with their collapsed floors, rattling walls and shattered windows are

ominous reminders of the siege—and the possibility that ethnic violence could break out again.

Although governed federally by a joint multi-ethnic and democratic administration, at the provincial level Bosnia remains divided along stark ethnic lines between Muslim-Croat areas and territory controlled by Serbs. Outbreaks of violence are common. Last May, celebrations marking the reconstruction of a mosque near the town of Mostar were stormed by Bosnian Serb protesters. A month later, Croat separation road after a bank they were using as finance that operations was shut down by the UN. And on Feb. 9, in a letter to a Sarajevo newspaper, the clandestine Bosnian Serb terrorist organization, Garovi Prstevi, threatened to murder a member of people it accused of cooperating with the country's new government. Jacques Kinn, UN Secretary-General Bouteflika's special representative to Sarajevo, told the Security Council on March 6 that he believed dangerous ethnic divisions will continue until Radovan Karadžić, who led the Bosnian Serbs during the war, is captured.

Karadžić, who was indicted on charges of genocide in 1995 by the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, still enjoys wide support. Bosnian Serb television regularly refers to him as "our first president," and a newly launched Web site promoting "the truth about Karadžić" proclaims his innocence. Among other handiwork, Bosnian Serb militia urge Karadžić to "come down from the mountain" and use his people NATO troops searching for Karadžić recently razed Celebić, a village 70 km east of Sarajevo. But authorities refused to help find him. "I love him, and I wouldn't betray him," said elementary teacher Radka Puhale, as she stood in a roadside schoolhouse.

Western governments had hoped a peaceful multicultural state would emerge from the debris of Sarajevo. Instead, crime, alcoholism and suicide are rampant in the once-pride city that hosted the 1984 Winter Olympics and had been a cultural, religious and commercial centre for more than five centuries. Its population has fallen from about 500,000 to little more than 300,000. And a good number of those remaining would leave if they could. "There are three kinds of people in Sarajevo today," says Lazar Čeric, psychiatrist

in-chief at the Clinical Centre of Sarajevo. "Bad, sad or mad." The passage of time has failed to heal the wounds of war. "Everything is postponed in Sarajevo," says Čeric. "We postpone having babies, we postpone education, we postpone marriages. We postpone having a life."

Sarajevo began to disintegrate after the 1980 death of Marshall Josip Broz Tito, the communist dictator who had ruled the country since 1945. By 1991, three of the six republics had voted to leave the federation. Ethnicity homogeneous Slovaks escaped relatively lightly, but the question of ethnic minorities in Croatia and Bosnia set the stage for war. The bloodshed was horrific in Bosnia, where bitter disputes between the Muslims and, in particular, ethnic Serbians are the same for an orgy of murder, rape and torture.

To enforce the peace, a NATO-led army of 60,000 troops was sent to Bosnia. Today, 17,000, including 1,600 Canadian

Workers at the *Oslobodjenje* newspaper tell beside the rubble of their former headquarters (top); waiting for a bus beside a shattered building (opposite); enjoying a game of street chess



Workers at the *Oslobodjenje* newspaper tell beside the rubble of their former headquarters (top); waiting for a bus beside a shattered building (opposite); enjoying a game of street chess

Serb-populated areas of the country fought to join neighbouring Serbia, which supported their efforts militarily. A similar situation existed with ethnic Serbs in Croatia—while in Bosnia, ethnic Croat and Muslim also fought each other. When numerous international appeals failed to stop the fighting, the UN was finally forced to take decisive action. In 1994, NATO began to intervene, and with jets pounding Serb positions, the aggressors finally came to the bargaining table.

Bosnia, Croatia and Serbia signed a peace agreement in Paris on Dec. 14, 1995, and a month later the siege of Sarajevo was over. But not before 12,000 people had been killed in the city, including 1,600 children—scores of whom were Serb infants as they played in the sandbank. In all, more than 260,000 people died in fighting across the three countries, while nearly two million were left homeless.

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Canada and the World

soldiers, terrain. Retired Canadian Major Gen. Lewis MacKenzie, who headed the UN's first peacekeeping mission in Bosnia, thinks violence will continue to flare. "Peace in Bosnia is an absence of killing," he says. "But the thought that the factions will live happily ever after—Tin says, that will not be the case."

Certainly there is little stability in the country. Bosnia's borders are porous, and the capital has become a haven for smugglers trafficking in drugs and illegal immigrants. Criminal gangs in Sarajevo and Kosovo are behind most of the smuggling and charge almost \$15,000 to ferry migrants from troubled countries like Iraq and Afghanistan into Europe. "I pick up I drive, I find," said one cabby as he waited outside the Sarajevo airport to bring illegal immigrants into the city. "They come here and tomorrow they are not in Bosnia. They disappear."

In an attempt to regain the spirit of solidarity the city showed during the siege, the government has kept some of the symbols of the war alive. On the broad avenues in the downtown core, a filled-in deep pothole left by artillery shells with red cement and called them the eyes of Sarajevo. Trees were left to grow out of the shellied structures of the *glasoboljci*, daily newspaper office, as it had defined the daily bombardment and printed the paper every single day, eventually publishing 100 issues over one floor at a time.

Despite such efforts, Slobodan Kapic, who chronicled the destruction of Sarajevo in a 1,313-page book, *The Siege of Sarajevo 1992-1996*, says there's a pall of despair hanging over the city. It is, he says, the beginning of an open place, populated by broken people. It's a far cry, she says, from the incredible courage residents showed during the siege. Now citizens appear to have lost interest in the cultural treasures that once celebrated the city's ethnic diversity. Among them is the Sarajevo Haggadah, a 14th-century rabbinical text, one of the rarest Jewish books in the world. The thin, white leather pages, decorated with gold and copper plate, are so exquisitely small they fit the palm of a hand. The book is worth about \$10 million and was successfully hidden from the Nazis during the Second World War and from the Serbs during the siege. Today, it sits diminished in a metal box in a bank safe.

But much needs to be done, says Klein, before Muslims and Serbs can live again in mixed communities. "We need to democratize. We need an independent judiciary and a transparent media," he says. "That is one of 50 years of communism and a terrible civil war." A future to unite the country, he says, would be a disaster. "It's a multi-ethnic concept folks here, the rest of the Balkans are different," Klein declares. "We cashed a rump state which would implode and turn into everything anyone can imagine." But with ethnic hatred easily contained across the shattered country, Klein might never become ill too real.

With John Zeman in Sarajevo

The aftermath of war has strained relations within the Muslim population. During the war, hundreds of Arab militants, many of them veterans of the 1979-1989 war between the mujahideens and Soviet forces in Afghanistan, arrived to fight the Serbs. Many of those Muslims stayed and are now offering a fundamentalist alternative to the moderate style of Islam practiced widely in the country. "The faces of women are covered and boys and girls can't go to the same school," says Senka Karovic, editor-in-chief of *Glasoboljci*. "They are trying to change Bosnian Muslims to their way of Islam."

All this has left people like Inner City freezing for a younger generation growing up in an environment poisoned by crime and ethnic hatred. He talks about groups of young people, eating ice cream, walking the streets. "It looks normal, but it isn't," Ceric notes. "They aren't in school. They aren't working. They have no hope for their future."

Many people believe the situation would improve if the economy started to recover. The unemployment rate, however, remains stuck at 40 per cent—with no upturn in sight. In an attempt to boost the economy, Sarajevo has made an official bid to host the 2010 Olympic Winter Games. The city has little chance of winning, but it is a good signal that both Serbs and Muslims can endorse. "I'm delighted by the idea," says Mato Radonovic, a 21-year-old Serb religious student. "It would be good for our country and our neighbours," adds Tariq Hasibovic, 22, a Muslim bartender at the city's Dublin Cafe. "This is our chance to bring Sarajevo back to life."

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Canada and the World



Using masks (right), the crew finds a spot for each plane.



'IT'S A NEW KIND OF WAR'

Pilots flying from the USS *Theodore Roosevelt* rely on sophisticated weapons

BY MATTHEW FISHER
In the Arabian Sea

How could the Taliban and al-Qaeda possibly defend the USS *Theodore Roosevelt* when its protected round-the-clock by brawny vending machines dispensing soft drinks and chocolate bars? The dispensers are arrayed beside the enormous radar gallery where cooks prepare more than 19,000 meals every day. In a sprawling hanger, 5,000 sailors aboard can sit down, leaf through magazines, manman e-mails or play video games. Also close by are work spaces for four chaplains, two lawyers, six doctors, a pharmacist and five dentists, including an oral surgeon. Four decks below, shore 45 armament magazines are stacked high with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of ordnance—everything from nuclear weapons to laser-guided missiles and dumb bombs. Three decks above the gallery, scores of handily stored F/A-18 Hornets, F-18C Hornets and EA-18G Growlers ascend into the sky.

Even now, nearly four months after Afghanistan's Taliban government surrendered its stronghold in Kunduz and those al-Qaeda who weren't killed or captured went to ground, more than 100 coalition warships are still bobbing in the northern Arabian Sea, patrolling the horizon from the Pakistani coast. Accompanying the *Roosevelt* is the USS *John C. Stennis*, a similarly equipped nuclear-powered aircraft carrier

with about 5,500 sailors aboard. As well, the most potent armada ever assembled includes British, Italian and French aircraft carriers, several amphibious assault ships and dozens of frigates and destroyers, four flying the Maple Leaf.

At any time of the day or night, U.S. Navy warplanes continue to fly over Afghanistan, soaring orders to strike Taliban or al-Qaeda强盜, or to protect ground forces and friendly UN peacekeepers. After months of bombing, air strikes—strategically enough, pilots say, to zero in on their jets' afterburners to scare away enemy fighters. Everyone knows that, as in Kosovo in 1999 and Iraq in 1990-1991, the war in Afghanistan has been a gross mismatch.

I was in Pakistan near the Afghan border when the U.S. began its bombing campaign. I met swarms of angry Taliban and al-Qaeda fighters and their equally ferocious supporters. Time and again they'd look to the heavens and shake their fist in helpless rage. They demanded the American come down and fight them like men as British and Soviet armies had done in earlier Afghan wars. Eventually U.S. soldiers did just that—but did those from their coalition partners, including Canada. In Operation Harpoon, part of the biggest ground offensive of the war as far, nearly 500 Canadian soldiers helped assist the re-taking of eastern Afghanistan for capturing al-Qaeda fighters. As well as providing crucial air and naval support, the Canadians destroyed an extensive cave complex.

Nobody has yet compiled an accurate count of Afghan military or civilian casualties, but there must be thousands of dead by now. Still, all told, only 31 U.S. soldiers have died in the war on terror. Rear Admiral Mark Fitzgerald, a New Englander who commands the *Theodore Roosevelt* battle group, makes no apology for the lopsidedness. Chuckling as I sold him about Afghanisnapes shaking their fist at his warplane, the two-star naval aviator ponders General Patton's words, noting, "It's not our job to make our guys die for our side. It's our job to make our guys die for their side."

Others aboard the *Roosevelt*, which sailed from Norfolk, Va., on Sept. 18, were more blunt. "I don't feel sorry for the Afghans at all," said a 28-year-old Texas pilot who just minutes before had returned from a six-hour mission over Afghanistan. "It's a new kind of war and they weren't ready for it." At the height of the war he was flying more than 100 hours a month. With about 300 sorties left in Afghanistan, members of his squadron now get "over the beach" only every three or four days. A large pool of substitutes has been due to the more sophisticated and accurate weapons US warplanes are using. Fitzgerald says, "We obviously want to try to stay ahead," he notes. "This is all about money—and will."

THE BUZZ ON E-BIZ

If your enterprise still isn't on-line, you've got problems, says a key task force

BY MARY JAHIGAN

A firm believer in customer service, Carson Strong doggedly delivered groceries by horse and buggy throughout Depression-era Vancouver. So Cox Boxes figures that her great-grandfather would be proud of her efforts to tap the Internet on behalf of her family's landmark grocery store. Almost four years after Strong's Markets Ltd. first ventured on-line, its Web site offers 34,000 products to the 500 regular Internet customers who rely on its delivery. And although Strong's e-commerce division is not yet a money-maker, it now accounts for almost three per cent of sales for the 71-year-old firm. "To cut costs, [co-founder] Barbara is simplifying the process clerks working price-scanners will transfer the products directly from shelves into delivery bags instead of passing them through check-out. And she predicts that e-parties will triple and profits quadruple before the end of the year." It's a way of expanding our store without expanding the bricks and mortar," she says. "Time is a vital issue for people. Almost 95 per cent of our on-line customers are new ones. I can see this business exploding in the future."

To the visionaries like Barbara go the kudos. And the profits. All those gleefully little dot-coms may have dissolved in puddles of red ink. But the Internet is now an integral part of the economy. Major firms such as automakers purchase their supplies on-line, track drivers crossing the continent with predictable or just-in-time shipments, communicate through on-board computers, and grocery stores can take orders for everything from dairy goods to celery on-line. Or, as David Peart, chairman of the Canadian E-Business Opportunities Roundtable, says in a report to be delivered to Ottawa this week: "E-business means more than ever because the new economy has become the whole economy. Technology is a real driving muscle of the wealth creation in Canada."

The report is the final output of a remarkable, voluntary task force of high-



Barbara sees prospects for profit in selling her groceries on the Web

level business executives and federal officials who want Canada to be an e-commerce hub. And while the document lacks the specific recommendations of its two predecessors, it is a pointed chronicle of how far Canada has come in the three years since the Roundtable's inception—and how far it has to go. In particular, the report singles out three areas for attention:

Government on-line: Provincial and federal jurisdictions have been slow to exploit the Net to deliver services remotely. On-line speedsters, for instance, could get cardiac dialysis doctors as they perform surgery. And both levels of government must figure out how to export health-care and education services—such as university

degrees obtained through on-line learning—in return for much-needed cash.

Help for start-ups: The good news is that venture capital spending dropped at a lesser rate in Canada than in the U.S. last year. But Canadian pension funds—which manage massive pools of money—have been reluctant to double in new enterprises, the report notes. Only 11 per cent of new Canadian venture capital came from pension funds in 2000—down from 49 per cent in the U.S.

The bad news can be viral. Three years ago, Toronto's Paul Chen realized that consumers could use e-mail to market themselves. He developed technology that allowed clients to go to his Web site and



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and our targeted promotions to their own customers. It worked. He sold Fox Network Inc. last year for US\$851 million. But he couldn't have got there without venture capital backing. "We had to grow as fast as possible because our competitor was growing very, very fast," he says. "And we could not have done that without cash."

Ottawa has been listening. John Ecker, managing partner of Toronto-based Mid-Can Westcap Capital Inc., praises successive budget measures that have lowered corporate and capital gains taxes, allowed individuals to roll over capital gains into new firms and changed the treatment of stock options to ensure that taxes are only paid when the shares are sold. Such measures, which previous Roundtable reports urged, sound like technical fiddling—but they could be crucial over the next decade. "Canada will become a very popular place to invest," says Ecker. "To me, this is a big green light that has to be communicated."

Giving on the Net: Small and medium-sized firms are far slower to adopt e-commerce than their U.S. counterparts. In 2000, such firms in Canada made two per cent of their sales on-line—compared with 10 per cent for U.S. companies. "Somebody who is comforted with what they are going to expand their market through technology," writes Michael Murphy, senior vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which has been aggressively promoting small business onto the on-line world. "They could easily take you to another shore."

The six-page Roundtable report comes on the heels of Ottawa's discussion paper last month on innovation, which aims to boost research spending, increase the skilled labour pool—and help universities and businesses forge partnerships to develop new technologies. That document was delayed by the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks—and then plundered for ideas in the December budget, its debut still flat. So the Roundtable report expels life into the quest to ensure that Canada can compete in a rougher and tougher world. Over the next six months, Industry Minister Allan Rock will hone that campaign at regional summits with key economic players, concluding with a national summit in early November. "Governments cannot do this alone," says Rock. "We want to know if our targets are aggressive enough. And frankly we want to know whether busi-

ness, labour and academia are prepared to take the necessary commitment."

The Roundtable's report is a final consolidation from a group that had run roughshod over Ottawa's e-commerce strategy. Proulx hatched the idea when he realized that Canada had the ingredients, such as telecommunications and software expertise, to be an e-commerce star—but lacked plans for everything from on-line changes to strategic partnerships. He approached then-industry minister John Manley, who jumped on the idea. "This was a close to my heart," Manley, now deputy prime minister, told Maclean's. "The Roundtable created momentum, making e-business an important issue for the government. You do not have many memos and re-letters that

are signed by a dozen ministers. But we were able to produce that common view."

The Roundtable will leave a legacy. The chamber of commerce will issue reports on how well smaller firms are adopting e-business. The Canadian Venture Capital Association will form our tax policies that encourage investment. Roundtable member Peter Nicholson, chief strategy officer at BCE Inc., says the group caught a wave when it tackled the plowshares, high-profile issues of e-commerce. "The policy landscape had not solidified; we had the excitement of progress," he recalls. "That group made a helluva lot of progress—and e-business is not the only beneficiary." The future may belong to Rock's innovation—but the Roundtable pointed the way. ■

'IT JUST KILLS ME'

David Proulx, 46, is a long-time e-commerce booster who now runs the tech firm Information Group. He talks to Maclean's about his work as chairman of the Canadian & Business Optimist Roundtable.

Maclean's: Why create the Roundtable?

Proulx: I was leading the Itron Consulting Group's e-business practice and I could see other countries like Finland that had embraced the Internet so dramatically that they were marching above their weight in terms of innovation exports. But we were not grasping the opportunity. **Maclean's:** What should government do next?

Proulx: The big challenge is applying this technology in new areas. Health care, education, government services. It would deliver citizens benefits at a much lower cost and more efficiently. It could save the woman down with kidney stones from driving those 100 miles just to see the University of Toronto through the Internet. And we have completely lost sight of the fact that health and education are becoming global export businesses. Universities could use the Internet effectively. We need expert health care services. But not one is even defined about this. The health care debate is still mired at the level of "are we going to have a universal system?" It just kills me. If we turned them into export sectors, we would have reason to solve some of the problems.

Maclean's: What is the small business concern?

Proulx: The off-the-radar site has existed the creation of thousands of small companies in the U.S. That kind of explosive has not happened to the same degree in Canada. We discovered that small



businesses were very concerned about security. That is old thinking; you can get very secure systems today. Second, there was this sense that it was an insurmountable complex string of almost technical. Seven put together a free tool kit that they could download at [their] home web... my customers are not demanding it. But when you customers tell you that you should have done it, they are gone. **Maclean's:** How would you improve Canada's sources of venture capital?

Proulx: Most pension funds are not in the game here. That is a scandal. Pension funds are saving to the government, since the foreign ownership limit to let us invest more efficiently. My suggestion is: If you want to get more money offshores, then start putting more money into young entrepreneurs.

Maclean's: What is the Roundtable's legacy?

Proulx: At the top of the list of requirements to Canada's success was a tax code that actually limited venture capital and a business start-ups. One of our greatest achievements is that the tax changes we recommended and the government has implemented have done more than level the playing field... they have tipped it in our advantage. We have a lower capital gains rate than the U.S. Corporate taxes are coming down. That is incredible. Canada could be Silicon Valley south.



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Ramble over the ancient expanse of Gros Morne, wild and rugged with fantastic geology and panoramic views. Meet puffins and eagles, falcons and ospreys while the resounding splash of the breaching humpback takes your breath away. Sing sea shanties and sample cod tongues and a thousand and one other recipes you've never heard of.

If you're adventurous, travel to Labrador, one of the last great frontiers of our continent and the beginning of Labrador Alley. If you time your trip right, strung above you will be the shimmering celestial magic of the Northern Lights—but at any time of year, it's a journey that will immerse you in unimaginably dramatic splendour.

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kilometres and drop charges. Includes St. John's city tour; admission to dinner theatre and whale-watching tour. Some taxes apply.

*Price includes air from Toronto and 10 nights. Call for rates from other cities or land-only prices.





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Watch silent sentinels of ice floating past in their majestic procession southward. Track them from shore or let a boat operator take you a bit closer. Feel the chill in the air as you approach these awe-inspiring giants. And if you hear a splash, turn around. It could be another ocean giant, one of 5,000 humpback whales that visit the waters every year. You may even get close enough to feel the blow spray over the boat.

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Donald Cox

Playing chicken on steel

Starting from the go. Participating in the National Chicken Council's board meeting in Florida has given me a somewhat different perspective on two major issues in U.S. public policy.

The NCC is the Washington-based organization representing the big poultry producers. The 40 or so people I spoke with were mostly southerners who came by private jet. If you are based in towns like L�ve, Miss., or Gainesville, Ga., you never have access to convenient, reliable airline service. (If you live in cities such as Chicago, you occasionally have access to convenient, reliable airline service.)

The friendly folk who run giant companies such as Tyson Foods Inc. and Perdue Farms Inc. may speak with drowses, and may enthusiastically swap stories about hunting and fishing, but they are savvy, successful, sophisticated business people in an intensely competitive industry who understand how Washington and the world work.

They were upset about the Bush administration's "emergency" tariff on steel. That wasn't primarily because they're morally offended when a loud-talking fave under name protectionism. They signed Russel would realize by enlarging U.S. chicken imports—and they're right.

At risk is the eight per cent of their output sold to Russia. Russians buy the dark meat, which Americans outlawed (that is just poor) American love hearts, whence Russians go for digits. Poultry-businessman bigger raising sparrow has bad flight. The economics of broiler chicken production are such that the Russian consumption of cheap dark meat provides the profit margin for the industry. If the bin stinks, few of the chicken gizzards will make money or cannot leave operations. That means slacking production, which means cutting consumption of corn and soybean meal, and thus means lower incomes for all producers of those two major U.S. cash crops. This means disaster for chicken feed.

The industry's lobbyists have swung into operation. The Russians attack as they deny they're choking chicken imports because of the damage to their own industry. Maybe so. But the people I talked with are cynical about Russia's sudden discovery of the alleged unhealthiness of American antibiotic-treated poultry coinciding with George W. Bush's sudden discovery of the therapeutic value of prosecution for the unhealthy American steel industry.

This New-Age health hysteria comes from the country whose poultry industry has benefited hugely from the enormous technical and managerial help since the end of

the Cold War by a task force of experts from . . . the NCC.

As if that Russian challenge wasn't enough for board members, they heard a sobering speech from Jim Mosley, the deputy secretary of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, about the perils of bio-terrorism for their industry in particular, and agriculture in general.

Mosley is a big Indiana corn producer as well as the No. 2 man in the USDA. He told us that since 9/11, his representatives have been transformed. He meets with the CIA and FBI weekly, "something different than you'd expect on the agenda for someone in my position." He introduced his mission, who, he said, "devotes 100 per cent of her time to national security affecting agriculture, while I devote about 80 per cent of my time to it."

Nobody wants sure that the company's insurance coverage would protect them against all sorts of terror. For example, if al-Qaeda agents were to suborn one of the thousands of workers in the company's plants, getting him to insert anthrax or some other toxin into the meat, the entire industry could be devastated. Recall what happened to cranberries when a 1958 government report said they were "contaminated" with a herbicide that caused cancer in laboratory rats. Consumers stopped buying, and Ocean Spray, the big co-operative,

was inundated with returns from across the country amid collapsing prices. Then it turned out the rat known for the test would be the equivalent of a horizon eating 6,000 kg of cranberries every day. Cranberries were contaminated, and consumers returned in droves. Ocean Spray made a fortune because it owned virtually all the cranberries the world had turned the company into a food industry giant. That's not the likely script of thousands of people going sick on poison chokes.

Mosley declared other possible bio-terror threats to U.S. agriculture. He experts have drawn up priority lists for spending Homeland Security budget allocations for agriculture. The bioterror threat has already been spent on paper, on "many times over." How can you protect every farm and processing plant from terrorism?

I left musing about the ways bad domestic policies and bad geopolitics could inflict serious damage on the world's most vibrant economy. As an optimist, I want to share these uncomfortable thoughts. As a realist, I know we're going to have to live with them.

Donald Cox is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Stevens-based joint Harvard Investments



Haley McDonald, McElroy, McClellan and Thompson (clockwise from left) are still kids after all these years

All dressed up and somewhere to go

Karen McDonald is no stranger to life's ups and downs. After 15 years playing a waitress on *The Kids in the Hall* comedy series, "I'm a feminist kind of gal," laughs the 40-year-old, known for characters like the Bearded Lady. "I think highly feminist u better than masculine anyway. That's why my agents are women. And all my girlfriends are women, too."

McDonald and the rest of the *Kids*—Dave Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Mark

McKinney and Scott Thompson—will find themselves in drag once again when they embark on a 30-city North American tour this week. In a span of two hours, they will perform up to 26 sketches mostly based on material from their wildly popular TV series, which aired from 1989 to 1994.

Since the troupe disbanded, Montreal-born McDonald—who was kicked out of his college's theater program for his

one-crack comic focus—has written for *The Martin Short Show* and made guest appearances on *30 Rock*, *Friends* and *The View*. But he is really looking forward to the tour. "The great thing about being onstage is that even when you make a mistake, the audience may still love it and you can play off that," says McDonald, who now lives in Los Angeles. "After a play you wait for the reviews to see how well you did, but when you do comedy everyone knows right away. There's either laughter—or there isn't." —John Danner



A barefooted anti-diva for the opera stage

She has a stunning voice and larger-than-life presence. But Measha Brueggergosman is nobody's diva. Kicking off her current跨國巡演 in Halifax, the Fredericton, N.B.-born singer褪下 and mixes with the packed house "and asked the audience for help when she forgot the words to an old jazz standard. The 24-year-old, decked out in a gauzy black dress with a feathered stand, even felt comfortable enough to pass around barefoot. "I take what I do seriously," she says. "I don't take my art seriously."

But the classical music world care does. Even though she's still studying concert repertoire at Augsburg, Germany, Brueggergosman has already performed at Carnegie Hall and for the British royal family in Toronto. Last week, she

accepted an invitation to perform for Queen Elizabeth II at Bay Thompson Hall on Oct. 30. And next month, she will audition for conductor Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic. It's all pretty heady stuff for a singer who grew up listening to CBC Radio's Saturday Afternoon at the Opera in a devout Christian home that shunned popular music.

And Brueggergosman, who manages her own career along with the help of her husband, Mark, and her family, thinks she's still a long way from reaching her full potential. "Right now my voice sits well in the classical German repertoire," she says. "With time I think it will grow to include the great Verdis, and after that, Wagner." Determined she remains, but Brueggergosman's goals couldn't be more diva-like.

EVERY DAY DRINKING AND DRIVING KILLS 4 CANADIANS...



Emily's mother was one of them.



A Message from Louise Knox

National President, MADD Canada

That night in October, Mike was the designated driver for his friends. He was going to have a big day the next day so he headed home early.

An impaired driver with a blood-alcohol concentration (BAC) 3½ times the legal limit crossed over into Mike's lane, lost him almost head-on, and killed him instantly. The impaired driver was killed too, leaving behind three small children.

Mike was 35 years old when he was killed. He left behind a one-year-old brother, a seven-year-old sister. His father and me, Mike was my son.

A police officer called and told us he would be right over. I took him 22 steps to get him in our car to our front door. I knew I counted every one of them. He told us in an anguished voice that he was sorry, Mike was dead.

At first, really doesn't set in, you go numb and refuse to believe it. Then, even as the emotion overcomes you, you start seeing through things in your mind: Why do you need to call 911? How do you tell kids' aunts and uncles, grandparents and friends that this wonderful young man is dead? Worse still, how do you tell his little brother and sister?

The devastation, the anguish and the despair become so great that there was more than one time when all I wanted to do was to crawl in the grave with my child.

Then, when things were at their absolute worst, at an unbelievably dark time, MADD Canada stepped into our lives.

The help we received from MADD Canada meant more than anyone could imagine. Known that people cared about us in our time of tragedy was a great comfort.

And I knew then that I wanted to help provide that same comfort to others. Even more important, I wanted to do everything in my power to help keep other families from needing that comfort, to help stop Canada's impaired driving nightmare.

I became involved in MADD Canada starting a chapter in our area because the disease can strike 500 km away today. In what seems like an almost overnight event, I found myself national president of MADD Canada.

I work with MADD Canada because I do not want your family to have to endure the needless tragedy that my family has suffered. The federal government can and must do much more to minimize impaired driving. Little will be gained by



passing on penalties or targeting only a small fraction of those who drink to excess and drive. We need a broad approach that will reduce the number of drinking drivers on our roads, and give the police the powers that they need to enforce the law.

For the last 16 months, MADD Canada has re-examined the traffic safety research from Canada and abroad, and examined the impaired driving laws in other countries. Based on the scientific research and what has proven effective in other countries, MADD Canada has developed a comprehensive package of federal reforms, which is summarized in a report entitled *Taking Back Our Roads*. In November, we presented the report to the then-minister of justice, the Hon. Jim McNeil, and other leading federal politicians from all parties.

As much as any organization, MADD Canada welcomes the progress that has been made in reducing alcohol-related traffic deaths from the mid-levels of the 1980s. However, millions of other Canadians continue to drink and drive at levels of impairment that pose unacceptable risks. Although estimates vary, even the most conservative sources indicate that impaired driving drivers, by far, is the country's single largest criminal cause of death. Finally, the academic quibbling over whether alcohol-related fatalities drop 3½ or 4½% less a day completely misses the point. I think of the issue in terms of my son and your family, not in terms of statistics.

As the national president of MADD Canada and as a concerned parent, I am asking you to carefully consider our proposals. You are invited to visit our Web site (www.madd.ca) to review for yourself the research upon which our proposals are based. We could invite you to join with MADD Canada or work independently to encourage the federal government to introduce the necessary legal changes. This involves email, letters, bills, but opportunity. Our focus is not on the past, but on a safer future for all Canadians. Your voice and your support of this initiative are critical.

Thank you,

Louise Knox

A Conversation with...

Professor Robert Solomon, Director of Legal Policy, MADD Canada
Faculty of Law, University of Western Ontario



Are MADD Canada's proposals based on evidence?

No. At MADD Canada, we are deeply committed to the important traffic safety message, and rightly so, every single proposal is based on comprehensive research. Much of the research complete with detailed references, is already posted on our Web site. MADD Canada has no interest in promoting any initiative unless it can be demonstrably justified in terms of traffic safety or justice for victims.

Would the 0.050% BAC proposal criminalize conduct that poses only trivial risks?

No. Statistics conducted over the last 40 years have consistently shown that drivers with BAC levels in the 0.050% to 0.070% range are at a substantially greater risk of crash, injury and death than drivers with zero BAC. And while below illustrates, these risks are more sharply in the 0.030% to 0.050% range, a level at which most police will not even consider laying a criminal charge under the existing Canadian law.

It is true that, in terms of any one trip, the likelihood of being in a fatal crash is very small even for drivers with BACs in the 0.050% to 0.070% range. However, given that millions of Canadians continue to drink and drive, many on a regular basis, this risk is commonly taken and imposed on others. Like the proponents of statutes, ratings, license helmets and deposit licensing we believe the most fear that the risk per occasion is small does not justify ignoring it. A common criminal law is demonstrably profitable in terms of the risk it addresses.

The list of increased charges and costs which the outlined view that imposed driving a "not a "mild" criminal offence. No one would seriously suggest that we ignore common and usual insults because they overburden our police and courts, similarly these laws do not prohibit growing drinking and driving behavior that poses real and serious risks.

The Relative Risk of a Fatal Single-Vehicle Crash for Males at Various BACs

Age	0.050%-0.059%	0.060%-0.069%
19-29	12.32	51.87
30-34	6.53	33.43
35+	5.79	11.38

Source: PL Zador, SA Headland & EJ Ross, *Alcohol-Related Relative Risk of Driver Fatalities and Driver Involvement in Fatal Crashes in Relation to Driver Age and Gender: An Update Using 2000-01 Self-Alcohol Survey Data*. Although the chart is based on American data, it is converted with the more recent Canadian research on the issue.

Why do we need a Federal Criminal Code 0.050% BAC offence when the provinces have already created 0.050% offences?

In fact, none of the provinces or territories has made it in effect to clear with 0.050% BAC. Rather, with the exception of Quebec, all the provinces and territories have some form of short-term (0 to 24 hours) license suspension for such conduct. Moreover, in many jurisdictions, no formal record is kept of these suspensions and the drivers are not subject to long-term licensing consequences.

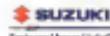
A Criminal Code 0.050% BAC offence would not conflict with the existing provincial or territorial laws it would create a criminal offence applicable across Canada and would have a considerably greater deterrent impact than the existing short-term administrative license suspensions. As a stand-alone Criminal Code offence would complement the existing provincial or territorial laws.

As indicated earlier, the existing federal and provincial impaired driving laws have left Canada for behind the world leaders in traffic safety. While the 0.050% to 24-hour license suspensions are an important measure, much more needs to be done at the federal level.

Would a 0.050% BAC limit criminalize social drinking?

Mr. Conroy to what he calls current, a non-BAC law people no longer a flood of criminal charges against people who drive after having two glasses of wine with dinner or two beers with friends after work. Given current police and court practice charges are unlikely to be laid unless a suspect's BAC is 0.050% or higher. This means that a 200-lb man could drink four regular bottles of beer (500 ml each by volume) in two hours without exceeding the BAC level at which he would likely face criminal charges. Being a 150-lb woman could have two to five glasses of wine (20% alcohol by volume) or two beers and be below the likely threshold for being charged under a 0.050% law. Obviously, MADD Canada is not endorsing drinking and driving, or suggesting that such excessive consumption before driving is socially responsible.

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Taking Back Our Roads

Advocacy, enforcement, education, engineering, and evaluation

MADD Canada's Taking Back Our Roads strategy is comprised of 16 recommendations, which are divided into five components. These include:

- Lowering the Criminal Code's current 0.08% BAC limit to 0.05%;
- Enhancing enforcement powers;
- Clarifying and modernizing the impaired-driving offence;
- Rationalizing sentencing and
- Addressing administrative issues.

While all five components are important, we have emphasized lowering the BAC limit and enhancing enforcement powers because, taken together, they hold the greatest potential for significantly reducing impaired driving and its tragic consequences.



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Research from Canada and abroad indicates that lowering the current BAC limit will reduce our impaired driving problems. The research is consistent and strong. Every country that has lowered its BAC limit has experienced traffic safety benefits. Not surprisingly, virtually every leading medical accident-prevention and traffic-safety organization in the world supports a 0.05% or lower BAC limit. The clear trend in the international community is to lower BAC limits. Among others, Austria, Austria, Bulgaria, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Japan, Macedonia, Maldives, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Slovenia, Sweden and Italy already have a BAC limit of 0.05% or lower.

The research indicates that 0.05% BAC limits will deter drivers at all BAC levels, including the high BAC drinking drivers. Indeed, in Sweden and the Australian Capital Territory, those in the highest BAC levels had among the greatest decreases in impaired driving. Granted, there are differences in the road traffic safety benefits achieved in various countries, but these appear to reflect the other impaired-driving initiatives that were in place at those jurisdictions.

The Canadian public needs to understand what the current 0.08% BAC limit means in terms of real-world drinking patterns. Given the manner of arrest accepted by our courts, police will generally not prosecute laying criminal charges unless the driver's BAC is 0.100% or higher. Thus, an average 200-litre man can drink as regular sips of Canadian beer in two hours and get behind the wheel of his car reasonably confident that he will not ever be charged. As disconcerting as it is, we want Canadians to think

To contact us directly, send e-mail to advocacy@madd.ca or visit the Chapters Directory at www.madd.ca to locate the MADD Canada Chapter nearest you.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRINK, DON'T DRIVE.



LIVING THE FAITH

Canadians who put their beliefs into action

Cover

Most of the world's religions, great and small, mark the season of spring, the season of renewed life and hope. Jews celebrate Passover, the eight-day commemoration of their freedom from bondage in Egypt more than 3,000 years ago. And, after the solemn commutes of Holy Week, Christians rejoice at Easter, the feast of Jesus Christ's resurrection and the ultimate point of the liturgical year. This spring, Holy Week and Passover coincide over the last days of March. It's an apt time for Macklem to pay tribute to nine individuals in multicultural, multi-faith, modern Canada committed to putting their religion not just on religious holidays but in their daily lives.

A religion is an important part of your life?

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TOM CALDWELL

When Tom Caldwell was a kid, he'd regularly clean out the spire change left by parishioners for the purchase of flowers at a neighbourhood Catholic church. He spent it at the local corner in the days when tickets were 10 cents a pop. "I'd go and help myself and supplement my pocket allowance," he recalls. "It means nothing to me."

Caldwell, now a stocky 56-year-old, is the founding chairman of the Bay Street

investment firm Caldwell Securities Ltd. On weekends, for fun, he rides a Harley-Davidson, wearing a helmet with a fake ponytail attached. He smears and smokes the odd cigar, and he can be sharp-tongued. Just as in his youth—he grew up in a violent, money-lacking family—he's scrappy, unafraid of a fight. In 1999, at a cost of at least \$70,000, he took our fall-page ads in the *National Post* and *Globe and Mail* personally, trashing the federal government over its "idiot policies" in the airline and banking industries. But under the gruff veneer, Caldwell is also a devout Christian who lives his faith day-in, day-out. He's allied to no particular denomination, attending both Presbyterian and Pentecostal churches when he's at his home in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. In Toronto, he usually goes to Alderwood Congregational, an evangelical church.

Money is Tom Caldwell's business, first, last lifetime. As much as he can, he brings the two together. He is the co-chairman of King-Ray Chaplaincy, a drop-in centre that holds Bible studies and often youth outreach and counselling deep in an underground passage beneath one of Toronto's

bank vaults. He is a founding member of All-A-Board Youth Ventures, which operates a restaurant and a former manufacturing company that both employ troubled teens. And through his firm, he offers short-term, quick financial help to people in crisis. His faith runs on another level, beyond the charitable work; in the way he deals with his clients, all of whom have entrusted him with handling their money. "The nicelest thing in my work is you get very close to people," he says. "You're closer to some than their doctors or their parents and, in many cases, their spouses is an intimate privilege."

Caldwell's sense of right and wrong is reflected in his investing style: he focuses on companies that offer socially beneficial products and work, for example, buy stocks of gambling, alcohol or tobacco companies "One year," he recalls, "five guys in the securities business took their own lives, and booze was a part of four of the deaths. So I don't want to be in those businesses." Asked to reconcile the hard-edged, often greedy Bay Street world with that of faith, he says the root of all evil is not money, but the love of it:

He became a born-again Christian when he was in his early 30s, married and the father of two boys. He had been a top-performing broker, but after he left that job, he recalls, his personal took a steep nose-dive. "I guess I was like the pro hockey player who starts to believe his own press clippings," Caldwell won't say what caused him to crash down, but states at what's anything unlawful. He lost everything, financially and managed to tick up an additional \$300,000 in debt. After 18 months of unemployment he was offered a new position as a travel broker with Fry Mills Spence (a predecessor company to BMO Nesbitt Thomson)—and a chance to rebuild his life. One day a trader at the firm invited him to attend launching Bible study. "I don't know why I said yes."

Bible study turned out to be an "issue of safety." He learned he wasn't the centre of the universe, and that God was. He says it's a struggle sometimes to live the life of the faithful. "I get angry, tired, frustrated, stressed," he says. "I'm not ready to be command you yet, you know."

And that debt to the Catholic church? About five years ago, he calculated what the interest over 35 years would be on an estimated \$50,000 loan, and left a cheque for almost \$4,000 on the star.

Katherine MacLean



JOYCE ROSS

Joyce Ross took one to passby around—after 27 years running the East Preston Day Care Centre, she works out. The 62-year-old grandmother even has a tattoo on her arm, but, truth is, Ross has been staying that for years, and nothing seems to change: every weekday she runs at around 5 a.m. and kneels beside her bed. "I ask God to use me," she says. "I ask Him to prepare me so that I can help Him help someone else today." She reads her beloved King James version of the Bible, has breakfast and then, in her crimson Caprice Clasic, makes the two-minute drive to the daycare that night as well bear her name.

Tall and dignified, Joyce Ross is a woman who engenders respect. In East Preston, the working-class, mainly-black community 20 km east of Halifax where she has spent her life, most people know her inspiring story: how she grew up poor among 20 brothers and sisters and left school at 14 to begin working as a domestic in Halifax. Fourteen years later she found a job as a community health aide in the Preston area, organized adult education classes in the community and eventually went back to school herself, earning a certificate in early childhood education from the Nova Scotia Teachers' College. Then she pursued for the daycare centre—bold to find a void in early care and education for Preston's preschoolers, but which

Ross has expanded to include prenatal and family-literacy classes, a women's health clinic and a family health resource centre. That and a lifetime of other good works recently earned Ross the Order of Canada. Underlying it all is her deep-rooted Baptist faith, which touches every aspect of her existence. "Nothing is impossible if you put God first in your life," she says. "I have the plan."

A Sunday-school teacher at East Preston United Baptist Church for 44 years, Ross has also been preaching God's word to immigrant parents throughout Nova Scotia since 1988. Naturally, her fifth infusion has made the mother of five grown children run the daycare, whose 115 children recite the Lord's Prayer each morning and say grace before every meal, and get regular exposure to Bible stories. Ross also expects her 26 staff members to conduct themselves as appropriate role models strumming is strumming on the centre's grounds, and woe be to anyone seen by a parent downing a cold one in a bar.

Mostly, though, it's through charity and compassion that Ross embodies her Baptist beliefs. Whenever someone in the community needs a sympathetic ear, she's there to listen and say a prayer for divine guidance. "If someone is in need today, I would give what I've got," she says. "God will take care of tomorrow. I just lost my best people. In a gift from God." A gift which she never stops trying to pass on to her own community.

John DeMille



JOSEPH GABAY

He speaks the flawless international French of European intellectuals, and in a smoket of pungent Glässer cigarettes. But Joseph Gabay is no world-weary existentialist, espousing on the death of God in bohemian cafés. A native of Morocco who immigrated to Montreal in 1967, Gabay is a devout adherent of Judaism. Last year he became the first francophone—and the first Sephardic Jew of Spanish-Darrouze

or North African descent—to serve as president of the Quebec Region of the Canadian Jewish Congress. For the past 20 years at his synagogue, Or Habayit, he has given weekly lectures and tutorials on the Torah and Jewish philosophy. The 60-year-old father of three children has a non-religious life as well; he has taught math at CEGEP de Rosemont for 35 years (he plans to retire in June). But Gabay doesn't make a big distinction between his day job and activities connected with his faith.

"There is nothing secular in my life," he

says. "The tradition of the Jews is not solely a religion. One is not a Jew only when at the synagogue. The notion of faith (as is found in front of your parents, pray and obey) does not exist in Hebrew. The closest word, *emunah*, means confidence. Confidence that the promises that were made to the patriarchs on Mount Sinai where the people were gathered some 3,300 years ago are not fairy tales or legends, but a reality upon which our ancestors were witness."

"I am not a mystic," he continues, "only a frat human being. I will not say I cleave

myself every time I eat or pray. But sometimes there is an moment of grace, and these cannot lie. At the end of Yom Kippur, when I blow the shofar [a ram's horn] after the fasting and prayer, I find myself connected to my ancestors, to the patriarchs and to the history of the Jewish people, and am convinced that their history will lead to the ultimate liberation, not just of the Jews, but of mankind in general. In these are and intense moments of grace, everything I have seen of the world and everything I have learned from the scriptures coincide perfectly. Past and present, experience and knowledge become one."

Gabay says everything in his life contributes in one way or another to his understanding of the Bible. "The Bible is a book that produces other books," he says, explaining that the more he studied the scriptures, the more he could read into them, so that the Bible has become the lesson that gives meaning to everything he does. "My study of the Bible leads to renewal, as opposed to being repetitive of an old tradition or of a scholastic degree."

Gabay sees a clear parallel between his investigation as a mathematician and his study of Judaism. "In the math classes we explore postulates, which generate rules and patterns. In the Jewish faith, we start from the postulate that God exists and that through the Bible, He delivered it to us directly for mankind."

About living as an observant, religious man in a deeply secular world, Gabay says his religion gives him the fundamental optimism that comes with the realization that somewhere the world must move, and that I am not the by-product of a deterministic determinism, that I have a role to play in a story that has meaning. The world may sometimes seem chaotic, but the Jewish tradition shows one can see the hand of God even in chaos. If God intervened directly, then man wouldn't be free."

Although the Canadian Jewish Congress is a political and human-rights group, Gabay feels his work there meshes perfectly with his faith. "Most of the values expressed by mankind today are compatible with the Jewish faith. We have a principle that says, pay for the peace of the political class because, without it, more would kill one another non-stop. The nature of man is Cain killing Abel. The lessons taught by the Bible will help us overcome that rap. That's why the Biblical fundamental message is 'Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself.'

Benita Andrew



SAMIRA THOMAS

By her privileged address off Vancouver's leafy south Granville Street, you might guess that Samira Thomas, 14, spends her holidays at camp—someplace pretty and safe. In fact, the Grade 9 student has passed most summers since she was four in the world's most depressed—and least safe—place. With her leathery Muslim parents, Samira has "vacationed" in Tanzania and Pakistan, helping people see life more clearly—literally. The trips are a project of her ophthalmologist dad and ophthalmologist mom, who work with local agencies to give free eye exams. Samira contributes by holding eye charts, taking histories or assisting the fruitful. "You're expected to help others," she says of her family.

Doing so has opened her own eyes, never more powerfully than last summer. The family's clinics in northern Pakistan attracted hundreds of Afghan refugees. "Before I had the operation," Samira says, "if they saw 200,000 children, we going to do this for you from famine, I'd feel bad, but it was always a number. Now having seen other children who are dying because they don't have enough to eat—you can actually see the skin hanging off of these bones—all personal things for me."

Making her personal is a Thomas family value. Samira's father—who converted to Islam as a medical student in London—has volunteered in Third World clinics

since 1979. An older brother and sister preceded her in their parents' temporary clinics. The trips are organized in part through the International Aga Khan Foundation but benefit people of every faith. Many bear physical and emotional scars of war. Samira remembers an Afghan boy Naseeb, whose family had lost 28 relatives, including his father, making Naseeb the oldest male. Two sisters have deformities; his mother is gravely ill. "He's the only person who can bring an income, and he's 11 years old."

Such stories have deepened Samira's appreciation for her native land. In Vancouver, the downtown has been fixed and April's Caesar Society carnaval at University Hill Secondary, her favorite subject as English and literature. Her free time is filled with art-studying, reading, friends, surfing the Internet and watching *10000 Lives & It's Amazing*. But Samira also keeps a journal, where Naseeb's story is recorded. Earlier this year, a local newspaper ran a letter the wrote drawing attention to the Muslim funeral of *Ab al-Abed*, which encouraged the faithful to ask, "What do I fit in with the human family, and how can I make the lives of others better?" Samira wants to become a foreign correspondent, bringing stories like Naseeb's back from offbeat places. "To tell and learn at another aspect of my faith—you're expected to apply your intelligence and knowledge to help others." She's made a good start already.

Cher West



URVASHI SABHARWAL

Growing up in northern India's Punjab state, the sixth of seven children, Urvashi Sabharwal excelled at school, but her real passion lay elsewhere. From the age of 10, Sabharwal immersed herself in the art of Indian classical dance, which is rooted in stories and myths first told in Hindu temples more than 3,000 years ago. "When it came time to attend university, Sabharwal wanted to study fine arts, but her father, a

physician, insisted the pursue a more practical career. So Sabharwal earned a master's degree in genetics from Panjab University in Chandigarh and, after immigrating to Canada in 1970, at the age of 21, she worked in medical and research laboratories in Edmonton and later Calgary. But the jobs were ultimately unsatisfying. "I never felt happy in my soul," recalls Sabharwal. "I'd always be watching the clock, wondering when I could go home."

Sabharwal's anger gave up her fine love, and continued performing traditional danas at various Hindu and multicultural functions and taking students under her wing. In 1991, by then the mother of two grown sons, she started her own Calgary dance school. There, she trains about 100 students a year, most of them between the ages of five and 15 (with about a quarter between 30 and 50), in the art of Kathak dance, which can incorporate and mimic to bring alive the stories of the Hindu *Vishnu*, one of the oldest forms of literature in the world. Every year the students travel to get new music and costumes

for her school. While Sabharwal, 52, no longer performs herself, she creates and directs dance productions for her students. But whether in private or while teaching, she still dances daily—and for her it continues to be very much a spiritual experience. "My heart and soul is in the dancing," says Sabharwal. "When I am dancing, I feel that closeness to God."

While Sabharwal is a devout Hindu, her students come from many religious backgrounds, including Muslim, Sikh and Christian. She wouldn't have it any other way. "We are all one, this is what I believe," says Sabharwal. "One mind, one soul." Through the dances she prepares for her students, she tries to teach the need for religious harmony. One example is a production that touched on the bloody conflict over Kashmir, the border state claimed by both Muslim Pakistan and India, where Hindus are in the majority. "I tried to show that here at this beautiful place with such culture, and two religions are living there, side by side, fighting every day," says Sabharwal. "Music and dance is a way we can mingle with each other, these different religions."

Sabharwal finds that many of her students, especially the younger ones, learn through dancing the value of teamwork, and gain self-confidence as they progress. She attempts to pass on other basic lessons which she believes help her students become better human beings. Kathak dance is known for its fast spins, complex foot work and intense hand gestures. Two of the hand movements that Sabharwal teaches early on come from *Vishnu*, a Hindu god who is a provider and provider. One gesture means to give, the other to keep. "I show them that if you give, that you keep," she says. "The young ones get the message that they should share. This is a little thing they remember, and something our world needs. If everyone starts doing this, then no-one is angry, hungry or without clothes."

A central tenet of Hinduism is the moral law of karma, which teaches that good actions lead to good consequences while bad ones bring the opposite. Sabharwal thinks that, in a modest way, she is helping to create good karma. "She is helping us to create good karma," she says. "The students come from all different backgrounds and they are really touched by what they see," she says with a smile. "They are doing a good job because I touched their hearts. And I will continue to do it until I can do it no more."

Bruce Bogdanow



CHRIS BROOKS

At a stage in life when many people are coming towards retirement, Dr. Chris Brooks, 53, faces challenges that would tax a man half his age. Four years ago, he closed up his family practice in Calgary and sold his house in the affluent suburb of Bonavista. Rather wanfully, he also relinquished membership in a private golf club, and a beloved 1965 Mustang convertible hell owned for almost 30 years. Along with his wife, Heather, now 52, and their young daughter, Chloe, Brooks has settled for the southern African nation of Malawi, where he sees up to 150 patients a day suffering from a grisly array of infections, including malaria, tuberculosis and, most prevalent, AIDS.

Brooks, who was raised an Anglican but switched to the Presbyterian Church a decade ago, the move to Africa began one day in 1996 when he opened the clinic at Zomba and read a passage from Deuteronomy: "You have sojourned long enough at this moment," he paraphrases. "Break camp and advance into the country I will show you. Do not be afraid, have courage." While God was speaking to Moses, Brooks felt He was talking to him as well. As a young man, his name English, he'd been called to serve in Africa but failed to heed that summons. This time would be different.

Brooks' existence had already changed dramatically in 1989, he was in despair following a painful divorce from his first wife and a failed bid for custody of his daughter from that marriage, Amy, then 7. "I had two choices," recalls Brooks. "I could either curse God and die, or I could reconstruct my life to Him I did the latter." Shortly after his divorce, Brooks met Heather, a marketing manager at Canadian Airlines, through mutual friends at Calgary's First Assembly Church. They married in 1994, and Heather later gave birth to Chloe, now nearly 7 (Brooks has since reconciled with Amy, 20). In Malawi, Heather works at a school for the blind, while Chloe attends a mission school with both Malawians and foreign students. "She has lots of friends with whom she goes bicycling and swimming," says Brooks. "I think Chloe will always have a love in her heart for Africa and its people."

The same could be said for his father Brooks spends most of his time running 150 children at the SOS Village Orphanage in the city of Lilongwe, as well as hundreds of others who come to his clinic. Every Friday he travels to outlying areas. He talks of a recent day when his first patient was a child in heart failure because of malaria and malnutrition. The boy had tuberculosis, the third, AIDS, the fourth, skin ulcers—and so on. "I suppose I should be disheartened by when I see her I'm not. I find it invigorating. I have a conviction that God has called me to this work. And I do the best I can."

Bruce Bogdanow



SARA SMITH

Shut the heavy door and the large, sturdy honey kitchen in the Native Women's Residence Centre becomes a welcome sanctuary from the grit of downtown Toronto. For the eight women sitting purposefully around a round table, an added link is the person they have come to see—Grandmother Sara Smith, a Mohawk from the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ont., a modest, big-hearted el-

der with a mischievous smile and the kind of soothing voice you'd like to fall asleep to.

Once the dinner dishes are cleared, Grandmother Sara, as she is almost universally known, prepares to conduct what she calls "a circle," a medicine gathering for sharing and healing spiritual wounds. From her medicine bundle she sets out a woven mat, deer antlers and a shell to hold the tobacco and other "sacred plants" she plans to burn, sending their aromatic thoughts through the room. The discussion, too,

flows as freely as the smoke between the symbolic and the everyday. Sara gently corrects the date a babe's eye down the hill leads into a doorway about the natural situation that is locked within us all.

Close your eyes and you could be transported back thousands, maybe thousands, of years to late-night rifle around a hearth and the gentle ritual of congregation. But "this is not religion," says Grandmother Sara. "This is not native religion." What she is proclaiming in her own quiet manner is spiritual journeying, "a way of

life"—a way of being thoughtful today about the generations to come.

Now 62, Grandmother Sara began her journey to earnest some 30 years ago as her four children were growing up and she felt there was something incomplete about her spiritual life. As an infant pall-bear down filled the gap. Now, amazingly, did regular geo-togtherns with a group of women to analyse dreams, conscious meditative dreaming being a staple of inner life and decision-making, be many months. But both led inexorably to a re-examination of the old ways and the old legends, to long conversations with elders and visiting tribal leaders. And in the process where Sara is herself now one of those elders—the "Grandmother" is an honorific, though she's a legit one, with 12 grandchildren.

In her day job, Grandmother Sara manages a non-profit gift store on the Six Nations reserve to help individuals with spiritual needs. Her home is a tiny mix of native art and modern technology. An oversized sweater she's hand-knitted outsize; a granddaughter does her homework on a laptop. But art and technology pale beside the sign of an ancient belief: in the backyard, a prayer circle of white stones near door, a spiritual centre that she and her husband, Roger, had built a year ago, with a great hall and bedrooms for visitors. It is a true gift—of a modest nature—to a world they are hungarian for belief. And it is a world already beaten to bits to their core.

In Grandmother Sara's kitchen, there's a calendar of consciousness that seems to stretch to another lifetime. Her travels have taken her to England, Europe, Australia, Central America and throughout Canada and the United States. A few years ago she was the only Canadian invited to meet with the Dalai Lama at a gathering of indigenous people from five continents at a Tibetan monastery in France. It was an event called the Gathering of the Shamans, and while Grandmother Sara feels native beliefs have much in common with Buddhism, she is categorical that she is not a shaman—or, when pressed she says she is not even sure what the word means. She is simply a guardian, someone who keeps the old traditions alive and links them, when possible, with the events of today. "We're a circular people," she says, and by that she means many things. One of them: that a kind and thoughtful life can stimulate for generations.

Ruth Skippard



PEDRO GUEVARA-MANN

Four months from now, the Catholic Church's 10-day World Youth Day celebration in Toronto will draw with a palpable mass at a former air base. Expected attendance: one million. "I'll take about six to eight hours to file in," calculates WYD artistic director Pedro Guevara-Mann, his eyes dancing with the exuberancy of it. "After six or eight hours to leave—that's a lot of time to prepare."

And that's after he coordinates 170 musical groups from 50 countries in the days before the final mass. A high-stress job, to be sure. Yet, leaning back in an office chair, dressed in jeans and sneakers, with a NYPD cap propped over his perky hair, Guevara-Mann looks remarkably serene.

That's because his current gig allows the 33-year-old actor and musician to combine his work and his hobby in a way he's always served for Toronto's Palestinian parents, the friendly bilingual Guevara-Mann came to Canada alone when he was 16 to attend Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific Northwest Victoria. From there he moved on to the arts madam at Toronto's York University and then to the chance life of an actor. When things were going well, Guevara-Mann says, "I'd think, alright, God wants me to be an artist." But when work was hard to find, he recalls with a laugh, it seemed clear that "God doesn't want anyone to be an actor." The sensible for role, he says, "will blow me."

It's also the reason he got his present position. Guevara-Mann had been thinking for some time that "it would be kinda cool to play guitar during the WYD." Then, one day in late 2000, he spied Father Tom Ruzic, WYD's CEO, and "just walked up and I wanted in." Now that the ends in sight, one year of the WYD out of his job, does Guevara-Mann plan to return to the stage? "Totally learning so much about myself, about music and worship," he says. "I'll be interesting to see which way the spirit blows me."

Brice Dickinson



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Cover



EVELYN NEAMAN

To the observant, the small ceremonial menorah at the front door, the Biblical verses rolled tightly inside, make this quiet Vancouver addy as a Jewish home. The scene is a Shabbat-morn rug-gos another story. Half a dozen women in exercise gear lie on the floor, backs on the sand-coloured carpet, legs propped vertically up the wall. Small blue satin pillows cover their eyes. New Age choral music flows through the room as Evelyn Neaman, 42, leads her Monday morning yogi class to focus on breathing. But then she reveals her studies that in Hebrew the idea of breathing, *neshamah*, is related to *neshamah*, the soul. Speaking softly, she invites each person present—one a lawyer married to a rabbi, another a university Rastafarian prof—to choose a *shemesh*, another Hebrew word that means “descent” or “transformation,” to focus on during the two hours of grueling sessions to come.

For Neaman, a self-described “pick-and-choose Jew” with degrees in anthropology and education, wedging the Indian practice of yoga to the flesh of her firmly rooted Judaism, it was a Jewish sum-

mer camp that first introduced her to the rudiments of yogic physical discipline at age 11. As she studied both traditions more deeply, she found new similarities, and when she opened her own yoga centre six years ago, she named it in Hebrew, *Tikvah*. “*Tikvah* Olam is the ancient obligation of every Jewish person to participate in the healing of the world,” she says. “We can use yoga to begin that healing process.”

It’s not the only expression of her faith. Neaman, twice married with a blended family, attends synagogue periodically and goes to two Jewish study groups. Her belief that Judaism calls the faithful to social engagement finds fulfillment in her day job developing public legal education programs for a non-profit group. For her, “Judaism is not a religion,” although its teachings include principles for ethical behaviour. But it is through yoga that Neaman has found a channel to her faith which is beginning to attract others. About 40 students all but five of them women and now not all of them Jewish, come to her home weekly for exercise and a little something else. “People get stretched, people get opened up physically,” Neaman says. “But my intention is to open them up spiritually as well.” —Caren Weis

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 ROGERS
MEDIA



RETURNING TO RELIGION

Most Canadians hunger for a more spiritual life

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

For a quarter of a century, Reginald Bibby has been Canada's foremost maker of religious trends, conducting national surveys every five years and writing a series of best-selling books summing up his findings. There have been good years for the University of Lethbridge sociologist, but decidedly less so for Canada's main religious groups, which saw weekly attendance continue to plateau and their influence over society wane. While Bibby is himself a person of faith, his misconception of all that was not universally welcomed, and he became known, in some quarters, as "Bad News Bibby." This week, with the publication of his latest book, *Abuse God: The Resurgence of Religion in Canada* (Saddam), the 58-year-old academic may finally shed that moniker. Bibby's central conclusion: God

is very much alive in the hearts and minds

of Canadians and, if they play their cards right, the country's religious groups are primed for an era of renewal and rebirth.

Truth to tell, there is nowhere to go but up: Bibby's latest survey, taken in 2000, found 21 per cent of Canadians attending religious services on a weekly basis, down from 31 per cent in his original, 1975 sampling—and far below the 60 per cent who attended in 1945, according to Gallup.

The decline was even more dramatic among Quebec Catholics, with weekly attendance nose-diving from around 90 per cent in 1945 to 20 per cent in 2000.

For all of that, Bibby finds a remarkable number of Canadians continue to identify themselves as part of a particular faith and are receptive to the idea of becoming actively in the field, under the right circumstances. In the 2000 survey, 85 percent

of Canadians associated themselves with a religious denomination. Among those who were attending services sporadically or not at all, 55 per cent said they would consider becoming more active if they "found it to be worthwhile" for themselves or their families. Moreover, Bibby discovered that the vast majority, whether religiously active or not, had no interest in switching—moving, say, from the Anglicans to the Baptist Church—or sampling so-called New Age spiritual movements.

What Bibby sees from all this is that Canadian mainstream religious groups have a large pool of "inactive sinners" who, if a concerted effort were made, could be attracted, engaged and fully reinvigorated. The case pointing example, he says, is Quebec, where six million people consider themselves as Catholics, even if only a fraction regularly attends church. "What you have in Quebec is a powerful company, part of the mainstream," known as the Catholic Church. Bibby told Maclean's in an interview. "If Rome made Quebec a high priority for renewal, I sure wouldn't bet against them."

Adding to Bibby's optimism is the overwhelming evidence that Canadians continue to be deeply spiritual. In his latest survey, 81 per cent of respondents attested to a belief in God, including 55 per cent of those who never attend religious services. Three out of four Canadians said they pray at least occasionally, and nearly half claimed to have personally experienced God, whether through near-death experiences or something as simple as a sense of awe in the beauty and order of the natural environment. Two-thirds of those surveyed believe in life after death, and similar numbers struggle regularly with what Bibby terms the "ultimate question" regarding the deeper meaning of life and what happens after we die.

Bibby says religious groups need to find a way to respond to the basic yearnings and concerns of these potential adherents. And he thinks there are some early signs of success. His 2000 survey shows that, for the first time in years, church attendance among teens is on the upswing, something Bibby credits to a renewed emphasis by many denominations on ministering to youth. Similar efforts across the age spectrum, he argues, could pay even bigger dividends. "The fact is many people openly acknowledge spiritual needs," says Bibby, "poised to a desire for something or someone that can satisfy them."

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In praise of testing

How careful monitoring caught Allan Rock's prostate cancer in time

As part of his commitment to prostate cancer awareness, federal Justice Minister Allan Rock has permitted his personal physician of 26 years, Dr Jon Palpust, to tell his story. Rock's cancer was detected early. He was among patients Projet was tracking in Toronto whose screening was designed for detecting localized prostate cancer while up to 90 per cent still showed as an non-threatening state.

BY JIM PALPUST

At 6 a.m. on Feb. 13, 2001, then federal health minister Allan Rock and his wife, lawyer Debbie Milburn, walked hand in hand down University Avenue to the Toronto General Hospital. There, two hours later, he underwent surgery to remove his entire prostate gland and the malignancy it contained. The results of a prostate blood test had prompted a biopsy on Jan. 5. The next step was the operating room.

A successful litigator in Toronto, Rock got involved with the federal Liberals in the early '90s, volunteering to "do anything that helped, licking stamps, knocking on doors and so forth." In 1993 he won a seat and joined the cabinet as minister of justice. During this same year—he was 45 then and had missed the prostate session—I began a program of serial PSA blood tests. His father had died of prostate cancer, doubling Rock's chance of getting it. And he did.

PSA—prostate specific antigen—is a protein produced almost exclusively in the prostate, where the concentration is thousands of times greater than that found in blood. PSA testing gives us information about what may be going on in the walnut-sized gland surrounding the neck of the bladder: inflammation (prostatitis), a nodule, benign enlargement or the presence of cancer.

A PSA blood test is easy to perform and easy to interpret. It costs the patient



Choosing to be 'poster boy' rather than 'patron saint' for prostate cancer awareness

from \$20 to \$25, depending on the province. Although cancer is not the only cause of a PSA elevation above the upper limit of normal, there is a wise way to look around that problem. Cross if that test overstates the risks: you are likely to die with prostate cancer, not from it. They say it is not cost-effective (even though the patient pays for it). They say it has not demonstrated its usefulness for screening, and they question the effectiveness of the prostate cancer treatments currently available.

The kind of thinking has to stop," says

Dr John Tachibana, director of the prostate centre at Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto. In truth, he says, it is treatment based by agenors and sexism. He offers this example: "An active 70-year-old woman would never be x-rayed to fogo treatment for her breast cancer. Seventy-year-old men with prostate cancer often are. They are told to wait—for another decade. As if that were the solution."

And the critics are wrong about treatment. The tool of removal of the prostate for localized cancer offers most middle-aged men a cure, giving them a life expectancy

comparable with that of similarly aged men with no prostate cancer. It is absurd for anyone to tell a 55-year-old man that he has prostate cancer, then produce a pie chart displaying an array of diseases such as a stroke, a coronary or overwhelming infection that may cause his death before the cancer could. In fact, about 25 per cent of men diagnosed with prostate cancer die from it. If it is impossible to select those who will die of another disease,

Furthermore, one out of 20 men with localized prostate cancer develops the metastatic form in which the cancer travels to other body parts. Clinicians who, in their diagnosis, urge patients to usually wait it out in the expectation of dying from another disease have forgotten the density of just that dimension metastatic prostate cancer—an insidious disease. This path derives from the cancer cells attacking bone and the spinal cord, with a subsequent rise of calcium and an accompanying neural lethargy, unquenchable thirst and cardiac arrhythmias. It is not a heretic dead.

The British society of men for health, Alan Milburn, has given the critics something to think about. For the past year, British men have been encouraged for the first time to undergo screening for prostate cancer, without cost. "We wanted to make the PSA test freely accessible," Milburn told me, "and bring it in line with screening for breast and cervical cancer. Here in the U.K., prostate cancer is approaching the frequency of lung cancer—the number 1 killer."

If it were in Canada, here, one out of

nearly 10 men that an abrupt rise can be seen and the presence of cancer suspected.

Intervention at this stage involves a transrectal ultrasound image of the prostate. With the patient lying on his side, an ultrasound probe is introduced into the rectum (the patient will feel a sensation of pressure). The probe emits high-frequency sound waves that the reflected sound waves are converted into visual images on a monitor. If the pale grey image of the prostate displays suspicious areas, a biopsy is conducted during the imaging.

In early 2000, Rock's PSA reading had suddenly risen from 2.0 to 3.67—well above the 30-per-cent standard. Although the level remained below the high end of normal—around 4.0—the change was enough to investigate. In April an ultrasound image showed no irregularities. Still, six months later, as part of the tracking formula, Rock underwent a special test—a free-PSA test. It's a valuable reading. If the ratio is greater than 0.2, the likelihood of the patient having prostate cancer is about 10 per cent. However, if the ratio is below 0.1, there is a 90-per-cent chance he has cancer. In December, 2000, Rock's free-PSA ratio was 0.29.

Rock was driving to Washington to celebrate Christmas with his wife, Debbie. Reaching home on his cell phone, I told him the free-PSA ratio had moved into a zone requiring an early biopsy; booked for Jan. 5. His reaction, and mine, was that he had cancer. Later he said, "I knew—even before the result of the blood test—without knowing why."

For many men, sex is a signature act;

April now displays some spotty areas on the right side of the prostate," reported Dr Russ McCallum at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto. "I took three core samples from this abnormal zone, and three from the left side of the gland. All samples reveal the presence of cancer." McCallum's advice to Rock, "In your age group the gold standard of treatment is radical prostatectomy."

The choice was between nerve-sparing radical surgery and radical radiation. External beam radiation—short bursts of intense radiation guided by a computer-driven machine capable of isolating the beam—targets the prostate gland. This delivery system is designed to spare the surrounding tissue of the bladder and rectum. It is often the choice of treatment for older patients, or patients who are not a good surgical risk.

As such an early stage, surgery usually offers a focal cure. In order to preserve bladder control and erectile function, the diseased prostate is removed carefully, leaving the nerves intact. Meriting to make a decision about the choice of treatment, I suggested to Allan and Debbie, "It's better to be the poster boy for prostate cancer awareness than in prison time. And surgery will achieve that."

During the six-week wait for surgery, Rock increased his training, and began running right to 10 km each morning in sub-zero Ottawa weather. His fitness paid off. Dr Michael Robins and Dr. John Tolson operated on Feb. 13 and Rock was discharged just four days later. The tumor was one millimetre away.

Rock's tumour was just one millimetre away from the capsule surrounding the prostate. If it had penetrated the capsule, it would have spread.

men will develop prostate cancer, reaching one out of nine women with breast cancer. About 17,000 men in Canada are diagnosed each year and 4,000 die from the disease.

The key to detecting prostate cancer in its earliest form involves immediate intervention if the PSA level has increased 50 per cent in the past year—even if it's still staying in the normal range. Because the PSA is not specific for prostate cancer, a single reading (like a single mammogram) is only clinically valuable if it is abnormal. But the one test becomes singularly valuable if it is pattern or tracked sequentially

and necessary to their identity. Even mentioning the male reproductive organs induces pain. The image of a needle being fired into the prostate gland by a biopsy gun makes them shudder. A fine needle, attached to the ultrasonic probe, surges the suspicious area. The gun is fired and a filament of tissue is removed. The patient experiences a burst of pressure that bleeds into the popping sound. After 15 to 20 minutes—the time taken to obtain six to eight core samples—the pain has gone.

By the day of his surgery, Rock's prostate image had changed. "What was normal is now extremely strengthened."

A writer's final deadline

The knowledge that he has just months to live alters a man's priorities

British Navy officer, foreign correspondent, prisoner of the North Koreans, author, journalist for the *Guardian* and *Mail* and the *Moscow Gazette*, assistance to prime minister Pierre Trudeau, senator from 1984 to 1988, history professor, father, grandfather... In a interview comes the Greek-born Philippe Gigante, laid down all that by the time he learned last year, at 78, that his prostate cancer was killing him. Since being diagnosed with the disease, Gigante, who lives in Hudson, Que., has focused on writing, finishing his 16th book, *Power and Gender: A Short History of the World*, to be published in April. He calls this reflection an "overriding desire: 'The final deadline.'"

BY PHILIPPE DEANE GIGANTE

"**Y**ou have between 10 and 14 months to live, statistically speaking," my doctor said to me on Oct. 25, 2001. "Statistically speaking," he repeated.

I looked on the bright side first. "So, I do not have to worry about my cholesterol anymore," I asked. "Is my blood pressure? I can eat good Sobeo food with great port? Fried mushrooms? Stuff that swims in garlic butter sauce?" Yes to all the above.

As to those 10 to 14 months, "How will the cancer kill me, Doctor?"

"You will get progressively weaker and die eventually. Or the prostate cancer will go into your lungs, giving you incurable pneumonia. Or a brain tumour. It will go into your bones (it has reached my spine). If a tumour presses on a nerve we will eradicate that tumour and shrink it to relieve the pain. In any case, we are good at pain management, these days. We no longer worry that a dying person might become an idiot. You'll get all the palliative care you need."

"Will I feel anguished with those painkillers?" Not being quite there in a wacky place.

"We're paradoxes which avoid that." "I didn't believe him. I was once on Dostoevsky and felt I was talking like a genius. I reread myself. Was it talking dross. Finally, while writing this article, I have had



Eating rich food again is nice, but grandchildren are the best part of Gigante's days

to take morphine. It helped the pain and I didn't feel tortured. Yeah!"

The doctor's verdict had not been unexpected. In March, 2000, surgery confirmed that I had prostate cancer and that on the Gleason scale (the virulence scale in medical language) it was in IV, the highest. On April 15, 2000, I sat at my keyboard and started writing.

We writers are lucky. We are not Homer or Shakespeare. There have only been two of those, wherever they were. Most of us cannot even comprehend how the Masters or Michelangelo produced their divine masterpieces. But we have words which we hand-buff endlessly.



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Health

are soulless. And, of course, I write.

Not everyone who has cancer is a writer. But they can do other things: cultivate indoor plants, make a wooden shelf, calculate other people's income tax for them, make change out of change, draw, study math, read. Any activity is better than pills.

The ultimate best is to have grandchildren. You hold them tight and know that life is not ending; it is renewing itself. I am highly lucky. I have grandchildren five to 15 feet from me. They sit in my little house every day, the house my daughter Eve-Marie built for me, next to hers. "Why did you give them chocolate?" asks Eve-Marie. "I didn't give them chocolate." "Why do they have chocolate on their lips?" asks my daughter, a former Crown princess. "I didn't give them chocolate, they took it." "You'd like Bill Clinton," she says, giving me a hug.

Then I have friends, foremost among them Sam, who reads me his book and knows so much about so much. My favorite analysts think of me as their grandfather and treat me with affectionate reverence, which is how I like it. Some of them visit me and bring me their books for the ritual dance I hold the baby and I dance, singing, of their beauty:

Le plus beau de tout le belles des vacances / est celui que je devrai dans mes bras / je suis donc / au dessus belles & de rendre / mes amours / mes fleurs pour celles-là

I have a life rich in loving family and

I am no Fred Astaire but I dance alone to the soundtrack of *Sleepless in Seattle* and when no one is looking I get fancy. My two dogs look puzzled.

friends, beautiful trees, the fox that comes and sits on a flat rock behind the house and pretends itself dead when the fox is not there, a sea of wild flowers when the time comes, blue jays, cardinals and magpies. I am no Fred Astaire but I dance alone to the soundtrack of *Sleepless in Seattle* and when no one is looking I get fancy. My two dogs look puzzled.

There are dark mornings. I look at the picture of my wonderful wife, Sylvie who died so young and tears run down my face because my grandchildren are missing someone who would have been the greatest grandmother in the world. I have dark mornings because another grandson and his mother, my daughter Elena, the archi-

teer, live an ocean too far away. There are dark mornings when I think of pain I caused. How could I have done that? How can I repair it? And that is another essential memory superior to antidepressants and penicillin: I rebuild bridges every day to people who thought I had forgotten them, or given them a lesser degree of love than I had given others.

But there are the good moments when, like other oldsters, I think back. Memory often obscures, blotting out the horrors, re-membering, now, the joy, exhilaration, warm embraces, gorgeous books, sunrise and people in their best. I have been highly lucky (John thought: lungs coming back! I loved school and my job). The British Navy that took me, a foreigner, and made me a young officer is trusted and honored. Crafty Hattan, my skipper, who wore all the world overalls and a sailor's scarf and sat above the anchor – a living battle emoji – fully expected to enemy fire at we went into combat. Crafty Scandinavian, whose destroyer I served when we sank three German destroyers in one night and shot a German plane out of the sky with a primitive radar guidance system that was supposed to miss.

As a journalist for the *London Observer*, I was a prisoner of the Communist North Koreans who tortured me but did not break me. I did not fully tell the family name nor the Royal Navy which had nurtured me. I was a reporter all over the world and saw terrible

things they kept hiding us, compagning: "I lose peace. You love peace. He loves peace." We lost peace.

I remember these things during my long days tied to hold a book at my mid in bed. In my mind I read my own, inventing, a dreamlike story, thirds of those I love, the grandchildren especially, smile at their softies and go to sleep.

And I remember how Canada took me as its own, spoke rare, rewarded me, honored me. Trudeau, who liked verbal battles, matching wits with me and didn't mind when I scored a rare point. He put me in the Senate where, among other things, I could help simplify the adoption process for Canadians seeking babies in other lands, where I could nominate the legislation that abolished the drunken defense ("maybe I beat the bitch to death but I was too drunk so I don't remember"). I remember visiting strange residences and dancing with old ladies who had young eyes and remembered how to walk.

I was once asked by a childhood friend, Sylvie Kapila, a retired Cook Admiral, what reason I had for staying in such a cold country. We were talking on the phone. I'm in Admira under a sunny sky and 15°C. I in Quebec during the ice storm. I had 30 million wonderful reasons, I replied—the Canadians.

I think of death not as a sorrow. Those who love me will feel sorrow but it will not be my fault. I will be gone. I will have left

them the epigraph I have chosen, bilingual: "Il nous a testé pour. He tested us so." Just before the last moment, I want to be freed from my bed, sit in my chair, have my fingers press on my keyboard. I am a writer and we have the word. In the beginning was the word. And so it must be at the end.

And the last word is that awful word I have hidden so far, the word that is a writer. I have no right to hate fear. I fear having my grandchildren see the dishonest physically. I fear my body betraying me so that I cannot even walk in Scotland, where they were born. The stain still brought me out of capacity and the Bastian passengers who awoke as we sailed and celebrated with us because we were going to be free,

Frost doesn't mimic Trudeau; he recreates the manner of every smile and gesture, while Shannen Doherty presence and spunk fit the role of Margaret.



A CBC miniseries is a triumph for the filmmakers, and for the actor playing the philosopher king



THE POIGNANT SAGA OF MAGGIE AND PIERRE

BY BRIAN MCKENNA

I remember him as the movies, in his final years. We would settle into the darkness, sharing a big bag of popcorn. After a trailer for some Hollywood shlock flick finished crashing and banging, that unmistakable voice would intone, "I can hardly wait." The last movie we saw together was Jim Jarmusch's *Ghost Dog*, about a Zen assassin with Samoan honour, strangely evocative of elements of his own character. "That," René Eliseo Trudeau pronounced, "was a very good film."

Trudeau was a good actor who loved fine

acting. In his television memoirs, he described how sometimes he would have out-of-body experiences, when he'd watch himself perform in the House of Commons. The country came to know the man from minister to inadvertent Avinash in *Cyrano*, as boxing in *Potemkin*, as duchess in *Cherry*—one moment he'd be a gangster, the next a philosopher king. And finally flawed husband and tragic death father.

Dancing *Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Minister*, I found the toughest moments were about Margaret, or as he called her then, "the boy's mother." He didn't wear her in the

film. We put her in the film. When we screened that episode with her, I was on the edge of my seat, half-expecting a juddo chop. Instead, Trudeau expressed unambiguous love for his audience and beauty in the courageous behind him in 1974.

Oh, to have her back—and string them on Sunday, March 31—for the CBC-TV miniseries *Trudeau*. And, boy oh boy, is Margaret ever in that picture. But the popcorn, it's good, at times very good—once or twice good enough to make you weep. Cast in *Trudeau*, Colin Firth is brilliant. Only Wayne Greybeal at the Olympics beat more pressure. Frost comes through with

gold. He doesn't mimic Trudeau, he recreates him. Not just the intonation, but the manner of every smile, gesture and slant. It's enough to have Christian McCullough, Wayne Greybeal and director Jerry Capeci display more storytelling tricks than the Cirque du Soleil. And even when they fall from the heights, desperately trying to dominate controversial debates, they recover with panache.

The first glimpse of Frost's Trudeau is arresting. Done inside an Ottawa arena, as the Liberal party is about to choose him leader, Trudeau is in the crowd more about to wash his hands. Suddenly the ceremony



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overwhelmed him. He holds onto the sink like a drowning man. A delegate enters, covered with Trudeau badge, and recognizing his candidate says, "It goes it's pretty obvious you have my support." "You're making a big mistake," replies Trudeau. "But at least there'll be no one." Daffy writes and erases, profanity-acid, it's a sign of the good he's come.

The Trudeau story and all its broken dreams is the heart of the series. As Margaret Stedman, Patsy Shannon is not showstopping, but she brings enough presence and sparkle to get the job done, especially with a role so well-crafted. She and Trudeau find more in *Tales*. Anyone who ever saw Trudeau handle money will chuckle at how farreaching for the right change long enough for her to pay for his coffee.

Her gesture becomes dramatically tragic when, strapped for cash after their breakup, she asks for help as Trudeau delivers the kids, not for a weekend, but for six weeks during the 1979 campaign. The millionaire offers her \$50,000. She loses her temper and has him. It's flamed from a distance. Only in the end do we realize the scene was shot from the kids' point of view—switching from the top of the stairs. That moment makes it more compelling.

The shooting scenes are taut and capturing, strengthened by Sam Mendes' wry performance as Trudeau's mother. The finale of the first episode is a storybook portrait of their wedding. Knowing what's to come, it's not sorry, just achingly poignant. Since our eyes are heightened by a superb soundtrack, with performances by the likes of Bush, Leonard Cohen and Glenn Gould.

Once I asked Trudeau about drugs, telling how, as a 23-year-old parliamentary correspondent, I had smoked a pipe in the back of his prime ministerial plane. Trudeau laughed and confided that on a state visit to an African leader who chewed betel nuts, he acquired a supply to bring home. I asked him why. "I thought I might be able to get Margaret off marijuana."

The scene feels of it, with Margaret smoking up night and day. In one hilarious scene she's masturbating (backfiddle position) over tea at 24 States, stoned out of her mind. Slowly we see her travelling, the aeronautics to trigger a manic syndrome. At the divorce hearing, the apologetic in tears: "I never meant to hurt you, I snuck something inside of me." I fight it and

fight it and it wins, and I end up hurting the people I care about."

Turning half the series over to Margaret does have its price. Trudeau's Homeric struggle with René Lévesque is not so well wrought as his marriage. Lévesque emerges as just another pokey premier Gérard Pelletier and Jean Marchand's crucial roles in Trudeau's life are deplored, but they abruptly disappear without a trace. Trudeau's escalation after his 1979 election defeat—"We've lost the idealism!"—would measure more if the fate of the other two Wise Men was dramatized. Ottawa destroyed Meechland. Pelletier fled before it could do the same to him. The political career based on real people, and drawn from official transcripts, sometimes feel sharp, even a bit craggy.

The filmmakers are at their best doing Meech or making it up. Two fictional characters—Guardian (Bob McElroy) and Duncan (Patrick McKeon)—are commanding prototypes of guys Trudeau called "You hicks" (the Edith-Robin-Jerry Gentien-Kenith-David gang of admen, politicos and political friends). Trudeau's arm wrestling with the media is realized through a concussed character called the Reporter, played masterfully by Adam Devine.

As a movie star, Trudeau would love Giacomo's directorial conceit, shooting each hour in the style of a famous director. The series opens with a nod to Richard Leakey, in a quirky and stylish capsule of Trudeau as a la le Roi.

The Oscar-Chomsky-the Coors-Gervais treatment: the marriage was won like Bernafond, and the Constitution like Fukukawa. All the *President* fits. There's a lot of luggage for four 52-minute hours. The drama is dazzling, sometimes comical, yet sobering—just (at least until) four gas-bagged down in constitutional drudgery. The ending is oddly anticlimactic. There's no existential walk in the snow, just a flat doc-university clip from Trudeau's Just Society speech, as if it's what the series was all about.

But with all its share, dredgery and broken dreams, Trudeau is a beautiful show—the best Canadian political drapery since Dennis Hopper's *Dashiel Hanes* 25 years ago, and maybe the best ever.

Steve McDonald film on *Spring Break, Black Hand and Purple Splotch* on *History Television* this fall.

Films BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Panic and predators

Two movies summon up the fears that lurk in a lonely place called home

Ever an actor and director married, cut our for each other, it's Jodie Foster and David Fincher. Both have distinguished themselves with self-killing meltdowns that finish the groupies, she starred in *Silence of the Lambs* (1991), he directed *Seven* (1995). Now Fincher puts Foster through her paces in *Panic Room*, a stylized, pulse-quenching thriller. After a string of soft-headed sooks (*Nell*, *Mission: Impossible*, *Citizen*, *Zuma* and *The King*), Foster is back doing what she does best, playing a smart, sexual woman in jeopardy, with the knife-edge tension that won her Oscars for *Lambs* and *The Accused*. And after the bourgeoisie giddiness of *Seven*, *The Game* and *Fight Club*, Fincher delivers a taut, stripped-down drama that revives the classic suspense genre. *Panic Room* is a *U.S. Steel Gear* for the many new millenniums.

The premise is diabolically simple. Meg (Foster), a freshly divorced mother, moves into a foreseen Meekhouse housewreck with her diabetic young daughter, Sarah (Kathleen Stewart). Formerly owned by an eccentric tycoon, the house has a "panic room," a fortified secret chamber designed to serve as a sanctuary in case of home invasion—kind of a second-floor fallout shelter. No sooner have Meg and Sarah settled down for their first (dark and stormy) night in the new house than there's a break-in. Mother and daughter lock themselves into the panic room, but at the sight: the room contains a safe holding a fortune left by the previous owner.

The plot of home invasion is clearly subdivided, *Psycho* Wheeler plays the "good" bad guy, a smirking sadist just trying to pay off his canary lawyer. Jared Leto overcomes as the villainous crooked ass. And Dwight Yoakam is the queasy, cold-blooded psychos. As Meg tries to outfox them, the thrillershow competing levels of stupidity are reminiscent of the criminals in an



Foster and Stewart help generate knife-edge tension in a home-invasion thriller

Elmore Leonard novel. And screenwriter David Koepp (*Minority Report*, *Avatar*) acknowledges the influence with a line from Letko's character—"Don't start spoiling some Elmore Leonard bullet hole because I see that movie too."

Despite such postmodern switches, *Panic Room* mostly sticks to the mechanics of suspense. The pleasurable chills—followed by a vague moral about the perils of luxury living—is somewhat deflating, but the ride is worth it. Against the backdrop of a creepy score by Canadian composer Howard Shore, Fincher's cameras prowl through the house like a autistic phantom, swooping up staircases and peering through walls and floor. The whole movie is lit with a somber palette, and composed with a sense beauty. Foster's performance is equally spare, but the conveyances increase complexity with very few cues. Stewart, meanwhile, makes a convincing daughter—contrapace, as smart as her mother and not overly cast.

From a man suburban side of town come a small but extraordinary film called *L.I.E.*, which involves home invasion on a different scale. The acronym stands for the Long Island Expressway. And it's the story of Howie (Paul Franklin Dano), a shy 15-year-old who gets his kicks pulling petty break-and-enter jobs with his pals. His mother was killed on the expressway in a car crash. His dad is a white-collar criminal, and Howie steals solvents in an old garage. Big John (Brian Cox), who is torn between acting predatory and fatherly, *L.I.E.* is mix tender, lonely sad and never predictable—the characters just keep unfolding. Dano and Cox both give performances of uncanny complexity. Showed with awards from festival and critics, this impressive feature debut by Michael Cuesta has no nudity, explicit sex or strong violence, but it received a censorious NC-17 rating in the U.S.—as if America still finds outer darkness scarier than the ones that break through the front door.



McCartney in a 1956 self-portrait

Images from Sir Paul's 'fab' brother

During a phone conversation from his home in Liverpool, Mike McCartney refers on several occasions to "our dad and his chauncy," personal shorthand for his older brother, Paul, and the rest of the most successful band in the history of rock 'n' roll. McCartney, 58, may have spent a good part of his life in the shadow of his famous sibling, but he has done so with a wicked sense of humour—and a steady resolve not to exploit the connection. In the early 1960s, just as Beatlesmania was taking flight, McCartney changed his surname to McGee ("guitar" is Liverpool slang for "fab"), and proceeded to carve out an independent career as a photographer, children's author and, for a brief time, a pop star in his own right at peace of the musical-madness that Soifield.

It took nearly two decades before McCartney felt things had quieted down enough to resume using the family name. But even now, the father of six steps has given up. So when Tim Willis, assistant director of the Provincial Museum of Alberta, called him last fall about possibly contributing to a major show on the 1960s—curated, in part, on an exhibit of photos by Mike's late sister-in-law, Linda McCartney—he

Rosa Bergman

The ultimate crown jewel

In 1958, when the Hope diamond made its only visit to Canada, for a two-week display at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, nearly three million people were to see it, drawn as much by its romantic history as its size and beauty. Maria Fowles' *Hope: Adventure of a Diamond* (Random House) traces the stone's path, from its 1660 purchase in India by a French trader [he sold it to Louis XIV for the equivalent of \$5 million] to its come with American socialite Evelyn McLean, who occasionally hung it about her dog's neck. After the CNE display, New York jeweller Harry Winston, who had bought the Hope from McLean's estate, donated it to Washington's Smithsonian Institution. He sent it by regular mail, possibly the漫长 of all the Hope's odyssey.

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution

Best-Sellers

Fiction	500,000+
1. <i>LOVING</i> , Jennifer Egan (2)	1
2. <i>CROSS LAKES</i> , Alice Sebold (2)	4
3. <i>THE SUMMER OF MY UNCLE</i> , John Updike (2)	2
4. <i>GUERRA CALIENTE</i> , Robert Wright (3)	2
5. <i>TERMINATOR BLUES</i> , Steven L. Kellman (7)	1
6. <i>SOUTHWESTERN RAIN</i> , Anna Quindlen (2)	
7. <i>ASLEEP AND THE AIR PUNCHES</i> , Bill Bryson (2)	
8. <i>THE DISINVENTION</i> , Jennifer Egan (2)	
9. <i>THE PONY GAMES</i> , Diane Johnson (3)	
10. <i>BREAKING THE HEART SONG</i> , Jeffery Deaver (2)	

Nonfiction	
1. <i>STUPID VINCE INDO</i> , Michael Moore (2)	2
2. <i>BEST FRIENDS</i> , Mel White (2)	4
3. <i>ON GUARD</i> , John le Carré (2)	8
4. <i>GHOSTS</i> , Mark Anthony (2)	2
5. <i>THE DIVERSITY</i> , Tony La Russa (2)	3
6. <i>GOOD NEWS FOR A CHANCE</i> , David Brooks and Emily Gunstad (2)	1
7. <i>ADVENTURES WITH BIG PAPA</i> , Morgan Freeman (2)	8
8. <i>PEPPERMINT PARADISE</i> , Ian McEwan (2)	1
9. <i>WHAT WE WANTED</i> , Lauren Laskin (2)	1
10. <i>DISGRACED</i> , Amy Tan (2)	2
11. <i>WITNESS TO HISTORY</i> , Brian Pernell	



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Accountants gone bad

I know this guy; let's call him X. He's in his 60s. He loves his wife and kids. He's on time at work every morning. If you saw X driving his sensible sedan or, say, the Lublawn's near his average-looking house, he'd be wearing a seat belt and undoubtedly not talking on his cellphone. You'd think him dull, but steady. You'd have no suspicion about the secret self-seeking beneath his outwardly calm and nondescript visage.

You see, X is an accountant.

You, I'm in familiar terms with an accountant—for him as a friend, in fact. For years, I'd regarded X as just like everybody else, more or less. Looking back, I should have clued in long ago to his dark side. After all, even in private, he was reluctant to discuss his work. I had written that down to him not wanting to bore me to death. What a fool I've been.

Enron opened my eyes to the fact that this mild-mannered accountant was, in all probability, leading a life of mystery, danger and intrigue. The decline and fall of the Houston energy trading company—the largest bankruptcy in U.S. history—has spurred investors, regulators and congressmen to cry out against the shenanigans of accountants who carelessly resolve the challenges of their occupations. But what shenanigans? The paper-shredding at the offices of Enron auditor Arthur Andersen would ensue G. Gordon Liddy banner for its CRUELLA days. Those late-night phone calls from Andersen Claque HQ in Houston—OK, I don't know if they were late night, but if they weren't they should have been. And Enron's off-balance-sheet transactions—those virtual corporations in exotic Caribbean jurisdictions—corporate imitations of a Lara Croft-style Arthur Andersen operative, doctoring books in a drowsing underground vault on the Isle of Monserat. Accounting the stuff adolescent male dreams are made of! Who knew?

And those are just the sex we *know* about! With all the revelations lately, I wouldn't be surprised to find out my friend X's boisterous life makes Sydney Blaize, the long-legged, kick-booting spy of TV's *Alex, look like a modeling schoolgirl.*

Which gets us to my point. Reformers have been crying foul over what accountants did vs. vs. Enron and God knows how many other companies, and I say good 'ern. The outrage need overnight, and it's time investors get wise to the tricks behind what appears on balance sheets.

But I'm not sure Enron is bad news for accountants. Think about it: with the possible exception of podiatry and tax law,



what profession has seemed more impossibly dull? Thanks to Enron, accounting has joined the popular imagination. TV mini-dramas, mystery novels and movies of the sort that star Julia Roberts and Tom Cruise may soon depict accountants as latter-day Cold Warriors, their dark ways and arcane language (what's with "EBITDA," anyway?) becoming a new paradigm for the hard-hatted precursors of the 21st century.

So far, Hollywood has done little by way of exploring accountancy's dramatic possibilities, but there are signs of change. Witness the unlikely success of *A Beautiful Mind*, a movie about a mathematician, which is about as close to an accountant as you can get. (As X likes to say: "Six of one, 83 times 42 divided by 5.8 of the other.")

But so much more could be done. Here a couple of high concepts for pictures, and I offer them for *possibility* (and several million dollars, if anyone's buying). One has the working title *The Number Crunch*, a gripping drama based on the Enron 1 and Mar. Duran as an idealistic accountant who discovers himself in Enron's books, but his attempts to get the ear of Kenney-Big Lay (played by an assassin Mickey Rourke) fall on deaf, well, ear, leaving the audience with an overwhelming sense of waste, as before all tragedies.

Or a flick could go the quasi-military route, portraying a day-long accountancy biopsy-defining Corporate Forces America—that's Dilar North with a calculate. My concept, *A Few Good Accountants*, has a climactic trial scene in which an idealistic bankruptcy lawyer (a role tailor-made for Cruise) grills a bumbling balance-sheet virtuous (Jack Nicholson?) about ... oh, say, pro forma earnings. Cruise: "There aren't the real pro forma earnings numbers, are they?" Nicholson: "You can't handle pro forms!"

That's only the beginning. I see caped accounting crusades in comic books, TV shows about forensic accountants (*Quincy, M.E.*), WWE wrestlers named The Calcopatra and The Ledger Terific stuff.

Which leads me back to X. This goes down a talk with him, get him in on the ground floor. Sure, accounting is silly and dangerous now, but how long will it last? If X is no capitalist at the firm, he's got to stop working on other folk's books—and start writing his own.

Hey, it worked for John Goodman.

Joe Chidley is editor of Canadian Business magazine.



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